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DECEMBER 4, 1915

Rennie Field  
With a Happy New Year  
from Coolidge







# THE DAY'S MESSAGE





1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

# THE DAY'S MESSAGE

*Chosen and Arranged*

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE

BOSTON  
ROBERTS BROTHERS  
1890

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# THE DAY'S MESSAGE.

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January 1.

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THE number of years is hidden. — JOB xv. 20.

FOR a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night. — Ps. xc. 4.

WELL I know

That unto him who works and feels he works,  
This same grand year is ever at the doors.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ASIA, Europe, are corners of the universe ; all the sea is a drop in the universe ; Athos a little clod of the universe ; all the present time is a point in eternity. All things are little, changeable, perishable.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

## January 2.

---

HE that overcometh shall inherit all things ;  
and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. —  
REV. xxi. 7.

TAKE, ye devouring days, the gold of youth, the desired  
things,  
Leave ye but Sorrow white-robed here by the feet dearly  
loved.

She, the priestess, shall lead us, companion of evening  
and morning,  
Till the one morning awake, leaving no shadow or night.

ANNIE FIELDS.

Too short a century of dreams,  
One day of work sufficient length ;  
Why should not you, why should not I,  
Attain heroic strength ?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

WE school ourselves to despise human nature.  
But God did not make us despicable. And I  
say, whatever end He meant us for, He must  
have some such thrill of joy in our adequacy  
to fate as a father feels when his son shows him-  
self a man. When I think what we can be if  
we must, I can't believe that the least of us  
shall finally perish.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

## January 3.

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EVERY valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low : and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain : and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together. —  
ISA. xl. 4.

IF the ways of man shall my spirit vex,  
And the ways of God my soul perplex,  
When He has taken my life's desire,  
And molten my heart in His fining fire ;  
When the dearest eyes I cannot see,  
And the voice I longed for is dead to me :  
“ Wait ! for thy longing shall find the key ;  
Eternity ! Eternity !  
Then shall the dayspring come back to thee.”

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

LET us pursue our child's play while we are children, but do not let us be engrossed by it ; and if our baby-houses and castles fall to pieces, do not let it grieve us over-much. When the evening comes, and we must needs seek shelter, we shall not be able to find it in any such make-believe dwellings, but only in our Father's house.

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES.

## January 4.

---

FOR we are made partakers of Christ if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end. — HEB. ii. 14.

So to the soul that knows Thy love, O Purest,  
There is a temple peaceful evermore ;  
And all the babble of life's angry voices  
Dies in hushed stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away the noise of passion dieth,  
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully ;  
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it fieth,  
Disturbs the soul that rests, O Lord, in Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

OUR devout beliefs are not built, as we suppose, upon the dry strand of reason, but ride upon the floods of our affections.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

January 5.

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FOR none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. — ROM. xiv. 7.

HE that feeds men serveth few ;  
He serves all that dares be true.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

MEN exist for the sake of one another. Teach them or bear with them.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

THE tale of the Divine Pity was never yet believed from lips that were not felt to be moved by human pity.

GEORGE ELIOT.

I MUST not enter here into the solemn and far-reaching fields of thought concerning the mystical connection between life and love set forth in that Hebrew system of sacrificial religion to which we may trace most of the received ideas respecting sanctity, consecration, and purification. But if you will earnestly examine the original sources from which our heedless popular language respecting the washing away of sins has been borrowed, you will find that the fountain in which sins are indeed to be washed away is that of Love, not of Agony.

JOHN RUSKIN. .



January 6.

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AND after the wind an earthquake ; but the Lord was not in the earthquake. And after the earthquake a fire ; but the Lord was not in the fire : and after the fire a still small voice. — I KINGS xix. 11, 12.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell ? I humbly crave,  
Let me once know.  
I sought thee in a secret cave,  
And asked if Peace was there ;  
A hollow wind did seem to answer, " No ;  
Go seek elsewhere."

GEORGE HERBERT.

AGAIN, a spiritual life may be fitly called a wilderness. In this wilderness are found the lilies of chastity and the white roses of innocence, and therein are found the red roses of sacrifice, when flesh and blood are consumed in the struggle with sin. In this wilderness, too, are found the violets of humility, and many other fair flowers and wholesome roots, in the examples of holy men of God.

JOHN TAULER.

BE pitiful, be courteous. — I PETER iii. 8.

WHO is among you that feareth the Lord, —  
let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay  
upon his God. — ISA. li. 10.

ONE lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,  
One lesson which in every wind is blown,  
One lesson of two duties kept in one,  
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity, —

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity ;  
Of labor that in lasting fruit outgrows  
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,  
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

SUPPOSE that a man, like a mastiff at the door  
of righteousness, is forever growling at injustice.  
He will be respected for his fidelity to justice,  
but loved he cannot be. No one likes to take  
a storm home to his bosom, or feels gladness  
when the lightning is playing before his eyes.

THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY.

January 8.

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WHILE they are yet speaking, I will hear. —  
ISA. lxxv. 24.

OH, dull of heart, enclosed doth lie  
In each "Come, Lord!" a "Here am I."  
Thy love, thy longing are not thine,  
Reflections of a Love Divine;  
Thy very prayer to thee was given,  
Itself a messenger from heaven.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THEREFORE the soul that begins to offer itself to Him, though overwhelmed with a sense of its own unworthiness and the meanness of its love, may yet say: Lord, I am ashamed of this gift I bring Thee; yet because Thou callest for it, such as it is, here it is. My heart and all the love I have I offer unto Thee; and had I ten thousand times more, it should all be Thine. My loving of Thee adds nothing to Thee, but it makes me happy; and though the love and the heart I offer Thee is infinitely too little for Thee, yet there is nothing besides Thee enough for it.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON

## January 9.

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DELIGHT thyself also in the Lord ; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart. —  
Ps. xxxvii. 4.

I WOULD not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know ;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate,  
And a work of lowly love to do  
For the Lord, on whom I wait.

ANNA L. WARING.

HAVE patience with Him. Has He not had patience with you? And therefore have patience with all men and things, and then you will rise again in His good time the stouter for your long battle.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



January 10.

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AND whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men. — COL. iii. 23.

WE serve Him in the good we do,  
The blessings we embrace,  
Not lighting farthing candles for  
The palace of his grace.

He has no need of our poor aid,  
His purpose to pursue;  
'Tis for our pleasure, not for His,  
That we His work must do.

ALICE CARY.

AND what a joy it must have been to Him to distribute blessings on every hand and erase the traces of sin, — to see health returning beneath His touch, to meet the joyous and grateful glances of the opening eyes, to hear the blessings of mothers and sisters as He restored their loved ones to their arms, and to see the light of love and welcome in the faces of the poor as He entered their towns and villages! He drank deeply of the well at which He would have His followers to be forever drinking, — the bliss of doing good.

JAMES STALKER.

## January 11.

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I WILL not let thee go, except thou bless me. —  
GEN. xxxii. 26.

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic days,  
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,  
And marching single in an endless file,  
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.  
" To each they offer gifts after his will, —  
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.  
I, in my pleachéd garden, watched the pomp,  
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily  
Took a few herbs and apples; and the Day  
Turned and departed silent. I too late  
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THIS day is mine and yours, but we know not  
what shall be on the morrow; and every morn-  
ing creeps out of a dark cloud, leaving behind  
it an ignorance and silence deep as midnight  
and undiscerned as are the phantasms that  
make a Chrisom-child to smile, so that we  
cannot discern what comes hereafter, unless we  
had a light from heaven brighter than the vision  
of an angel.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

## January 12.

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LET us run with patience the race that is set before us. — HEB. xii. 1.

WHAT will it matter by and by,  
Whether my path below was bright,  
Whether it wound through dark or light,  
Under a gray or golden sky,  
When I look back on it by and by?

What will it matter? Naught, if I  
Only am sure the way I've trod,  
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God;  
Questioning not the how or why,  
If I but reach Him by and by.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

IN Christianity nothing is of real concern except that which makes us wiser and better; everything which does make us wiser and better is the very thing which Christianity intends.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

I DO not wonder at what men suffer in this world, but I wonder often at what they lose. We may see how good rises out of pain and evil; but the dead, naked, eyeless loss, — what good comes of that?

JOHN RUSKIN.

January 13.

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GREAT peace have they which love Thy law.  
— Ps. cxix. 165.

FAIR, solitary path! whose blessed shades  
The old white prophets planted first and drest;  
Leaving for us, whose goodness quickly fades,  
A shelter all the way, and bowers to rest.

Who is the man that walks in thee? Who loves  
Heaven's secret solitude; those fair abodes  
Where turtles build, and careless sparrows move  
Without to-morrow's ills and future loads?

HENRY VAUGHAN.

LET your rest be perfect in its season, like the  
rest of waters that are still. If you will have  
a model for your living, take neither the stars,  
for they fly without ceasing, nor the ocean that  
ebbs and flows, nor the river that cannot stay,  
but rather let your life be like that of the  
summer air, which has times of noble energy  
and times of perfect peace.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.



## January 14.

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O THOU of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? — MATT. xiv. 31.

TAKE Thou, O Lord ! the reins in hand,  
Assume our Master's room ;  
Vouchsafe Thou at our helm to stand  
And pilot to become.  
Trim Thou the sails, and let good speed  
Accompany our haste ;  
Sound Thou the channels at our need,  
And anchor for us cast.

GEORGE WITHER.

WE all have need of that prayer of the British mariner : "Save us, O God ! Thine ocean is so large, and our little boat so small."

CANON FARRAR.

WHEN Thy will shall be my will, there shall be no more sea ; when I have received Thee into the ship, I shall touch the summits of Ararat.

GEORGE MATTHEWSON.

January 15.

---

AND this will we do, if God permit. — HEB.  
vi. 3.

THROUGH every hour of painful breath  
Henceforth our souls must carve their price ;  
Life's hope is past, life's purpose stays.  
Better than life, better than death  
Is this the living sacrifice ;  
God keep us worthy all our days !

*The Disciples.*

BUT when a man has thus accepted the baptism by water, he is not yet safe. He is like one who has climbed a precipice and lies down to sleep by its brink. His life has been left clean by the ebbing tide of his temptation ; but if he does not bar out the waters, back they will come upon him as surely as the flood-tides of the sea. A man cannot live safely in this negative purity. His safety lies in the supplanting of the old passions by new and better ones, by the discovery of new interests which leave no room for the old.

FRANCIS G. PEABODY.

## January 16.

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FOR our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. — 2 COR. iv. 17.

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,  
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou  
With courtesy receive him ; rise and bow,  
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave  
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave ;  
Then lay before him all thou hast ; allow  
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow  
Or mar thy hospitality, no wave  
Of mortal tumult to obliterate  
The soul's marmoreal calmness : grief should be  
Like joy, — majestic, equable, sedate ;  
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;  
Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend  
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the  
end.

AUBREY DE VERE.

NEVERTHELESS, seeing that as the Author of our salvation was Himself consecrated by affliction, so the way by which we are to follow Him is not set with rushes, but strewed with thorns, be it never so hard to learn, we must learn to suffer with patience even that which seemed impossible to be suffered.

RICHARD HOOKER.

## January 17.

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BUT let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love ; and for an helmet, the hope of salvation. — 1 THESS. v. 8.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,  
Every morn is the world made new.  
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,  
Here is a beautiful hope for you, —  
A hope for me and a hope for you.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,  
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,  
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never  
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,  
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Every day is a fresh beginning ;  
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,  
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,  
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,  
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

THERE is no day born but comes like a stroke of music into the world and sings itself all the way through.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

January 18.

---

So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty. — JAMES ii. 12.

### DUTY.

LIGHT of dim mornings ; shield from heat and cold ;  
Balm for all ailments ; substitute for praise ;  
Comrade of those who plod in lonely ways  
(Ways that grow lonelier as the years wax old) ;  
Tonic for fears ; check to the over-bold ;  
Nurse, whose calm hand its strong restriction lays ;  
Kind but resistless on our wayward days ;  
Mart, where high wisdom at vast price is sold ;  
Gardener, whose touch bids the rose petals fall,  
The thorns endure ; surgeon, who human hearts  
Searches with probes, though the death touch be given ;  
Spell that knits friends, but yearning lovers parts ;  
Tyrant relentless o'er our blisses all ; —  
Oh, can it be thine other name is Heaven ?

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

BEGIN with small things, Madam. You cannot enter the presence of another human being without finding there more to do than you or I, or any soul, will ever learn to do perfectly before he die. Let us be content to do little, if God sets us at little tasks.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## January 19.

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I WILL lead them in paths that they have not known. — ISA. xlii. 16.

LORD, I had chosen another lot,  
But then I had not chosen well ;  
Thy choice and only thine was good :  
No different lot, search heaven or hell,  
Had blessed me, fully understood ;  
None other which Thou orderest not.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

IN old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now ; but yet men *are* led away from threatening destruction, — a hand is put in theirs which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward.

GEORGE ELIOT.

January 20.

---

Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy. — HOSEA x. 12.

HE waits for us while, houseless things,  
We beat about with bruised wings  
On the dark floods and water-springs,  
The ruined world, the desolate sea ;  
With open windows from the prime  
All night, all day, He waits sublime  
Until the fulness of the time  
Decreed from His eternity.

JEAN INGELow.

OUR whole happiness and power of energetic action in this world depend upon our being able to breathe and live in the cloud ; content to see it opening here and closing there ; rejoicing to catch, through the thinnest films of it, glimpses of stable and substantial things ; but yet perceiving a nobleness even in the concealment, and rejoicing that the kindly veil is spread where the untempered light might have scorched us, or the infinite clearness wearied.

JOHN RUSKIN.

## January 21.

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THIS I know ; for God is for me. — Ps. lvi. 9.

AND murmurs of a deeper voice,  
Going before to some far shrine,  
Teach the sick heart the stronger choice,  
Till all thy life one way incline  
With one wide Will that closes thine.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WE have all eternity to learn God in ; it would be a poor prospect if we could get very far in our lesson here. We must expect to be puzzled and baffled again and again ; only do not let us get impatient, and weary of the search, or feel tempted to think that He is nowhere because we cannot yet reach to the height of His vision.

ANNIE KEARY.



January 22.

---

BEING made perfect, He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him. —

HEB. v. 9.

ONE whom thou darest not liken to thy dust  
Groaned in His death with anguish and mistrust  
For the whole world to hear ; art thou more just ?

He made His soul a sacrifice  
To human pangs, and paid their price  
In open day ; art thou more nice ?

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

HERE thou art but a stranger travelling to thy country, where the glories of a kingdom are prepared for thee ; it is therefore a huge folly to be much afflicted because thou hast a less convenient inn to lodge in by the way.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

## January 23.

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HE faileth not. — ZEPH. iii. 5.

BLINDFOLDED and alone I stand  
With unknown thresholds on each hand ;  
The darkness deepens as I grope,  
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope :  
Yet this one thing I learn to know  
Each day more surely as I go,  
That doors are opened, ways are made,  
Burdens are lifted or are laid,  
By some great law unseen and still,  
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,  
“ Not as I will ! ”

H. H.

THY touch hath yet its ancient power,  
No word of Thine can fruitless fall.  
Hear in this solemn evening hour,  
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

*Hymns Ancient and Modern.*

THE Lord's presence is perpetual with every man, both evil and good, for without His presence no man lives ; but His coming is with those only who receive Him, and these are they who believe in Him and do His commandments.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

WHOM having not seen, ye love. — 1 PETER i. 8.

It is enough, Lord, though Thy face divine  
Was turned to other men ;  
Although no touch, no questioning voice, was mine,  
Thou wilt come once again ;  
And if thy shadow brings such bliss to me,  
What must Thy presence be ?

SUPPOSE then that you had lived as a contemporary in the days of Christ, — that you had heard the songs of the angels at the nativity and seen their shining forms in the sky, that you were entirely familiar with the youth of Jesus, had been present at His baptism, saw Him begin His ministry, heard all His discourses, witnessed all His miracles, stood by His cross in the hour of His passion, — what now does all this signify to you ?

Possibly much, possibly nothing. If received without any kind of faith, absolutely nothing ; if with two kinds of faith which are universally practised, it signifies the greatest fact in history ; if with a third, equally rational and distinctively Christian, it signifies a new life in the soul and eternal salvation.

HORACE BUSHNELL

## January 25.

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THOU shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. — Ps. xxxii. 7.

THEN shall thy tossing soul find anchorage  
And steadfast peace ;  
Thy love shall rest in His ; thy weary doubts  
Forever cease.

Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all  
Forevermore !  
Christ and His peace shall keep thy troubled soul  
Forevermore.

HORATIO BONAR.

THINK how your own happiness filled you with kindness to other people. But ask yourself at the same time, "Did any such thought as this come up first and foremost to my mind, and seem to me the most precious part of all my blessing, that God had done this for me just to make me a fitter and more transparent medium through which He might send His comfort to other men?"

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

WHEREUPON, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision. — ACTS xxvi. 19.

IF e'er when faith had fallen asleep  
I heard a voice, "Believe no more,"  
And heard an ever-breaking shore  
That trembled in the godless deep,

A warmth within the breast would melt  
The freezing reason's colder part,  
And like a man in wrath the heart  
Stood up and answered, "I have felt."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE exercise of faith directly becomes knowledge reposing on a sure foundation.

SAINT CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

THE salvation of the righteous is of the Lord :  
He is their strength in the time of trouble. —  
Ps. xxxvii. 39.

AND youth and beauty die.  
So be it, O my God, Thou God of truth ;  
Better than beauty and than youth  
Are saints and angels, a glad company ;  
And Thou, O Lord, our rest and ease,  
Art better far than these.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

WE have no dread of any shape  
Which darkness may assume or fill.  
We are not weary ; we can wait :  
God's hours are never late.

H. H.

OR ever there is wine or there is oil, the grape  
must be crushed and the olive must be pressed.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

HAPPY is the man that feareth alway. — PROV.  
xxviii. 14.

I AM content to be so bare  
Before the archers, everywhere  
My wounds being stroked by heavenly air.

I lay my soul before Thy feet,  
That images of fair and sweet  
Should walk to other men as it.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

LET us do right, and then whether happiness comes or unhappiness is no very weighty matter. If it come, life will be sweet ; if it do not come, life will be bitter, — bitter, not sweet, and yet to be borne. The well-being of our souls depends only on what we are ; and nobleness of character is nothing else but steady love of good and steady scorn of evil.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

A FRIEND loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity. — PROV. xvii. 17.

So many little faults we find :  
We see them, for not blind  
Is love, — we see them ; but if you and I  
Remember them, perhaps, some by and by  
    They will not be  
Faults then, grave faults, to you and me,  
But just odd ways, — mistakes, or even less, —  
Remembrances to bless.

THIS matter of friendship is often regarded slightly as a mere accessory of life, a happy chance if one falls into it, but not as entering into the substance of life. No mistake can be greater. It is not, as Emerson says, a thing of “glass threads or frostwork, but the solidest thing we know.” “There is in friendship” — as Evelyn writes in the Life of Mrs. Godolphin — “something of all relations and something above them all. It is the golden thread that ties the hearts of all the world.”

THEODORE T. MUNGER.



THE Lord God is a sun and shield : the Lord will give grace and glory : no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. — Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

FOR an eternity should not suffice  
To take the measure and the breadth and height  
Of what there is reserved in Paradise, —  
Its ever-new delight.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

LEAD, lead me on, my hopes ; I know that ye are true and not vain. Vanish from my eyes day after day, but arise in new forms. I will follow your holy deception ; follow till ye have brought me to the feet of my Father in heaven, where I shall find you all with folded wings, spangling the sapphire dusk wherein stands His throne which is our home.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

LET us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering ; for He is faithful that promised.

— HEB. X. 23.

EVER the richest, tenderest glow  
Sits round the autumnal sun ;  
But there sight fails : no heart can know  
The bliss when life is done.

Such is Thy banquet, dearest Lord ;  
Oh, give us grace to cast  
Our lot with Thine, to trust Thy word,  
And keep our best till last.

JOHN KEBLE.

THERE comes a time when neither fear nor hope are necessary to the pious man, but he loves righteousness for righteousness' sake, and love is all in all. It is not joy at escape from future perdition that he now feels, nor is it hope for some untold happiness in the future ; it is a present rapture of piety and resignation and love, — a present that fills eternity. It asks nothing, it fears nothing ; it loves, and it has no petition to make. God takes back His little child unto Himself, — a little child that has no fear and is all trust.

WILLIAM SMITH.

## February 1.

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KNOW thou the God of thy father, and serve Him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind. — 1 CHRON. xxviii. 9.

So oft the doing of God's will  
Our foolish wills undoeth !  
And yet what idle dream breaks ill  
Which morning light subdueth ;  
And who would murmur or misdoubt  
When God's great sunrise finds him out ?

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

NEVER be afraid of giving up your best, and God will give you His better. If the question will intrude, "What shall I have if I give up this?" relegate that question to faith, and answer, "I shall have God. In my giving, in my love, God gives Himself to me."

JAMES HINTON.

## February 2.

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UNTIL the day dawn, and the day star arise  
in your hearts. — 2 PETER i. 19.

FAIR ordered lights, whose motion without noise  
Resembles those true joys  
Whose spring is on that hill where you do grow,  
And we taste sometimes here below,

With what exact obedience do you move  
Now beneath and now above,  
And in your vast progression overlook  
The darkest night and closest nook !

Oh, for His sake who sits now by thee  
All crowned with victory,  
So guide us through this darkness that we may  
Be more and more in love with day !

HENRY VAUGHAN.

AND all these passings to and fro of fruitful  
shower and grateful shade, and all these visions  
of silver palaces built about the horizon, and  
voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders,  
and glories of colored robe and cloven ray,  
are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance  
and distinctness and dearness of the simple  
words, " Our Father, which art in heaven."

JOHN RUSKIN.

## February 3.

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THE king's business required haste. — I SAM. xxi. 8.

Now the God of patience grant you to be like-minded. — ROM. xv. 5.

ONCE, looking from a window on a land  
That lay in silence underneath the sun, —  
A land of broad green meadows, through which poured  
Two rivers, slowly widening to the sea, —  
Thus, as I looked, I know not how or whence,  
Was borne into my unexpectant soul  
That thought late learned by anxious-witted man, —  
The infinite patience of the Eternal Mind.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

GOD is the master of the scenes. We must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, "If this please God, let it be as it is;" and we who pray that God's will may be done on earth as in heaven, must remember that the angels do whatsoever is commanded them, and go wherever they are sent, and refuse no circumstances.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

## February 4.

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WHEN He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? — JOB xxxiv. 29.

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?

Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more.

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men;  
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. This compatibility of ill temper with high moral character is one of the strangest and saddest problems of ethics. Souls are made stout, not by taking the acid fluids out, but by putting something in, — a great love, a new spirit, the spirit of Christ.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

## February 5.

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IN Thy light shall we see light. — Ps. xxxvi. 9.

THEN sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright  
With more than rapture's ray,  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.

THOMAS MOORE.

THROUGH the dark night lie still. God's faithful grace  
Lies hid, like morning, underneath the sea ;  
Let thy slow hours roll, like these mazy stars,  
Down to the level ocean patiently,  
Till His loved hand shall touch the eastern bars,  
And His full glory shine upon thy face.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE.

OH that my lot may lead me in the path of  
holy innocence of word and deed, the path that  
august laws ordain, — laws that in the highest em-  
pyrean had their birth, of which heaven is the  
father alone. Neither did the race of mortal  
men beget them, nor shall oblivion ever put  
them to sleep. The power of God is mighty  
in them, and groweth not old.

SOPHOCLES.

## February 6.

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O YE of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? — LUKE xii. 28.

SOME idle day, when least we look for grace,  
Shall we see stand upon the shore indeed  
The visible Master and the Lord of us.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

FEAR is a greater pain than pain itself. O thou of little faith, what dost thou fear? God will not let you perish while you are steadfast in resolution. Let the world be turned upside down, let it be in utter darkness, in smoke, in tumult, so long as God is with us.

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES.



## February 7.

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ASK, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full. — JOHN xvi. 24.

- ASK and receive, — 't is sweetly said ;  
Yet what to plead for know I not,  
For wish is worsted, hope o'ersped,  
And aye to thanks returns my thought.  
If I would pray,  
I 've naught to say  
But this, that God may be God still ;  
For Him to live  
Is still to give,  
And sweeter than my wish His will.

DAVID A. WASSON.

THIS, then, is the reason why we need to pray, because we need to be delivered from ourselves. This is the reason why we may pray, because God is willing to deliver us from ourselves if we be willing.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## February 8.

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Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody. — ISA. li. 3.

As I am coming to that holy room  
Where with the choir of saints forevermore  
I shall be made thy music, as I come  
I tune the instrument here at the door,  
And what I must do then think here before.

DR. DONNE.

THE soul is like a musician sitting at his organ and drawing from it delicate and delicious music. But the instrument grows old, the musician can no longer play as before. At last the organ refuses to give a sound. It stops. Do you infer from that that the musician is dead, or that he is only a property of the organ? No. Give him a new instrument and you will see that his power is as great as ever. So when the human body grows old the brain becomes feeble, and we cannot recollect as we once could, we cannot think as we once could. Give the soul a new instrument, a spiritual body, and it will be seen that its power is the same as ever.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

## February 9.

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Do thy diligence. — 2 TIM. iv. 9.

O THAT I were an orange-tree,  
That busy plant !  
So should I ever laden be,  
And never want  
Some fruit for Him that dresseth me.

GEORGE HERBERT.

IN the morning when thou risest unwillingly, let these thoughts be present : “ I am rising to the work of a human being. Why then am I dissatisfied if I am going to do the things for which I exist, and for which I was brought into the world? Or have I been made for this, — to lie in the bed-clothes and keep myself warm? ” Dost thou exist then to take thy pleasure, and not for action and exertion?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

## February 10.

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LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. — Ps. xc. 1.

WHY art thou, fainting soul, cast down,  
And thus disquieted with fears?  
Art thou not passing to thy crown  
Through storms of pain and floods of tears?

Couldst thou expect to see no seas,  
Nor feel no tossing wind or wave?  
It is enough that from all these  
Thy faithful pilot will thee save.

RICHARD BAXTER.

BUT those who have their souls untied from this world and knit to God, they need not complain of the shortness of time, having laid hold on eternal life.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

## February 11.

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I WILL ransom them from the power of the grave. — HEB. xiii. 14.

So shall my rest be safe and sweet  
When I am lodgéd in my grave;  
And when my soul and body meet  
A joyful meeting they shall have.  
Their essence then shall be divine,  
This muddy flesh shall starlike shine,  
And God shall that fresh youth restore  
Which will abide forevermore.

GEORGE WITHER.

AND Hope too, like Love and Trust, survives all changes, and from all fluctuations and ebbings emerges purer and stronger. It listens reverently for the gravest, weightiest word that knowledge can speak, to find at last neither clear affirmation nor denial. Beside the grave the last word of knowledge is "a great Perhaps." But still man hopes. That Hope may be hushed amid the din of contending thought; it is almost lost in the glare of noontday activities; but in the supreme exigencies of life, in the lonely hour of utmost need, or by the grave of the beloved, Hope rises again, and shines serene, sacred, quenchless.

LUCY SMITH.

February 12.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BORN 1809.

DIED 1864.

To undo the heavy burdens, and to let the  
oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke.  
— ISA. lviii. 6.

NATURE, they say, doth dote,  
And cannot make a man  
Save on some worn-out plan  
Repeating as by rote :  
For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,  
And choosing sweet clay from the breast  
Of the unexhausted West,  
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,  
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.  
His was no lonely mountain peak of mind  
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,  
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind ;  
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,  
Yet also nigh to Heaven, and loved of loftiest stars.  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

HE went through life bearing the load of a  
people's sorrows with a smiling face. As long  
as he lived he was the guiding star of a whole  
brave nation, and when he died the little chil-  
dren cried in the streets.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

LEST that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway. —  
1 COR. ix. 27.

AH, lonely tarn ! ah, striving rill !  
So yearn these souls of ours,  
And beat with sad and urgent will  
Against the unheeding powers.  
In vain is longing, vain is force ;  
No stream goes higher than its source.

IT is folly to endeavor to make ourselves shine before we are luminous. If the sun without his beams should talk to the planets and argue with them till the final day, it would not make them shine ; there must be light in the sun itself, and then they would shine of course.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

THERE is no sorrow I have thought about more than that, to love what is great and try to reach it, and yet to fail.

GEORGE ELIOT.

## February 14.

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O PRAISE the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God ; yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful. — Ps. cxlvii. 1.

I WAKE ! I wake ! Ye heavenly choir,  
May your devotions me inspire,  
That I, like you, my age may spend,  
Like you may on my God attend !

May I like you in God delight,  
Have all day long my God in sight,  
Perform like you my Maker's will !  
Oh, may I nevermore do ill !

BISHOP KEN.

NOW, had I been a nightingale, I should have sung the songs of a nightingale, or had I been a swan, the songs of a swan ; but being a reasonable being, it is my duty to hymn God. This is my task, and I accomplish it ; nor, so far as may be granted to me, will I ever abandon this post, and you also do I exhort to this same song.

SENECA.



THOU shalt show us wonderful things in Thy righteousness, O God of our salvation : Thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea. — Ps. lxxv. 5.

LET the world call herself my foe,  
Or let the world allure ;  
I care not for the world : I go  
To this dear Friend and sure.  
And when life's fiercest storms are sent,  
Upon life's wildest sea,  
My little bark is confident  
Because it holds by Thee.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE good work of the world is done either in pure and unvexed instinct of duty ; or else, and better, it is cheerful and helpful doing of what the hand finds to do, in surety that at evening-time whatsoever is right the Master will give.

JOHN RUSKIN.

## February 16.

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THE Lord will command His loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life. — Ps. xlii. 8.

WE weep because the night is long ;  
We laugh, for day shall rise ;  
We sing a slow contented song,  
And knock at Paradise.  
Weeping we hold Him fast who wept  
For us, — we hold Him fast,  
And will not let Him go, except  
He bless us first or last.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

It is enough, O Master, speak no word !  
The stream speaks, and the endurance of the sky  
Outpasses speech : I seek not to discern  
Even what smiles for me Thy lips have stirred ;  
Only in Thy hand still let my hand lie,  
And let the musing soul within me burn.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

THE sun of the world, which is pure fire, is that from which Nature exists and subsists. The sun of heaven, which is pure love, is that from which life itself, which is love together with wisdom, exists and subsists.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

## February 17.

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HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most-High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. — Ps. xci. 1.

THE world is vast and we are small,  
We are so weak and it so strong,  
Onward it goes, nor cares at all  
For us, — our silence or our song,  
Our fast-day or our festival.

We tremble as we feel it sway  
Beneath our feet as on we fare;  
But, like a ball which children play,  
God spins it through the far blue air.  
We are his own; why should we care?

SO also did I endeavor to conceive of Thee, Life of my life, as vast, through infinite spaces on every side penetrating the whole mass of the universe, and beyond it every way, through immeasurable boundless spaces; so that the earth should have Thee, the heaven have Thee, all things have Thee; and they be bounded in Thee, and Thou bounded nowhere.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

## February 18.

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LIGHT is sown for the righteous, and gladness  
for the upright in heart. — Ps. xcvi. 11.

HE that walks it only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self before his journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples, which outredden  
All voluptuous garden-roses.  
He that ever following her commands  
On with toil of heart and knees and hands  
Thro' the long gorge to the far light, has won  
His path upward, and prevailed,  
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining table-lands,  
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BE careful that your mind become not the high-  
way of sentiment instead of the fruitful field of  
generous affection.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

## February 19.

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THAT ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light. — 1 PETER ii. 9.

WE make the light through which we see  
The light, and make the dark ;  
To hear the lark sing we must be  
At heaven's gate with the lark.

ALICE CARY.

JOY is like restless day, but peace divine  
Like quiet night.  
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine  
Through peace to light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

LET us serve God in the sunshine while He makes the sun shine. We shall then serve Him all the better in the dark when He sends the darkness. The darkness is sure to come. Only let our light be God's light, and our darkness God's darkness, and we shall be safe at home when the great nightfall comes.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

## February 20.

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MAN that is born of a woman is of few days,  
and full of trouble. — JOB xiv. 1.

ALL the windy ways of men  
Are but dust, which rises up  
And is lightly laid again.

WHILE in the world we are citizens of the world ; it is our duty to share its joys, to take part in its sorrows, not to shrink from its difficulties, but to mix ourselves with its infinite opportunities. So that, if time be short, so far from that fact lessening their dignity and importance, it infinitely increases them ; since upon these depend the destinies of our immortal beings. Unworldliness is this, — to hold things from God in the perpetual conviction that they will not last ; to have the world, and not to let the world have us ; to be the world's masters, and not the world's slaves.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

## February 21.

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WHEN thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee : when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. — ISA. xliii. 2.

AND for the rest, in weariness,  
In disappointment, or distress,  
When strength decays, or hope grows dim,  
We ever may recur to Him  
Who has the golden oil divine,  
Wherewith to feed our failing urns, —  
Who watches every lamp that burns  
Before His sacred shrine.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

SOON all saddened days  
Count up to comforted and busy years.

H. H.

RENUNCIATION remains sorrow, though a  
sorrow borne willingly.

GEORGE ELIOT

February 22.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BORN 1732.

THE righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. — Ps. cxii. 6.

ALIKE are life and death  
When life in death survives,  
And the uninterrupted breath  
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still travelling downward from the sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE splendors of the firmament of time  
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;  
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,  
And death is a low mist which cannot blot  
The brightness it may veil.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

IN your quiet homes reflect that your peace was not won for you by your own hands, maybe, but by theirs who jeopardized their lives for you ; and remember that neither this inherited peace nor any other can be kept but by equal jeopardy.

JOHN RUSKIN.



NOT grudgingly, or of necessity! for God loveth a cheerful giver. — 2 COR. ix. 7.

THE Holy Supper is kept indeed  
In whatso we share with another's need, —  
Not what we give, but what we share,  
For the gift without the giver is bare;  
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —  
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

HAPPY is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April airs upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy. To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he is himself as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining. Such an one moves on human life as stars move over dark seas to bewildered mariners; as the sun wheels, bringing all the seasons with him from the south.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

## February 24.

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HAVING loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end. — JOHN xiii. 1.

LIKE a cradle rocking, rocking,  
    Silent, peaceful, to and fro, —  
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping  
    On the little face below, —  
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning  
    Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow ;  
Falls the light of God's face bending  
    Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,  
    Toss and cry, and will not rest,  
Are the ones the tender mother  
    Holds the closest, loves the best ;  
So, when we are weak and wretched,  
    By our sins weighed down, distressed,  
Then it is that God's great patience  
    Holds us closest, loves us best.

SAXE HOLM.

THE practice of pausing momentarily in business and recreation to realize God's presence is one of the rudimentary lessons in the Primer of Religion, which teaches us to walk by faith and not by sight.

EDWARD MEYRICK GOULDBURN.

## February 25.

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· FOR in Him we live, and move, and have our being. — ACTS xvii. 28.

So in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of the Immortal Sea  
That brought us hither.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

IF others cannot perceive the Holy Spirit that looks on us through the veils of life and Nature, — if in low moods of thought I lose the blessed Presence myself, and begin to ask whether it was a vision, — why should I trust the blind heart instead of the seeing, and believe the Night rather than the Day? Is it more likely that the pure soul from its own sunbeams should weave imaginary sanctities than that the impure by its turbid clouds should hide the real ones?

JAMES MARTINEAU.

IF you dare trust to God when the case to human reason seems impossible, and trust to God then also out of choice, not because you have nothing else to trust to, but because He is the only support of a just confidence, then you give a good testimony of your faith.

JEREMY TAYLOR

THE mystery of the seven stars. — Rev. i. 20.

THE stars are in the sky all day ;  
Each linkéd coil of Milky Way,  
And every planet that we know,  
Behind the sun are circling slow.  
They sweep, they climb with stately tread, —  
Venus the fair and Mars the red,  
Saturn engirdled with clear light,  
And Jupiter with moons of white.  
Each knows his path and keeps due tryst ;  
Not even the smallest star is missed  
From those wide fields of deeper sky  
Which gleam and flash mysteriously,  
As if God's outstretched fingers must  
Have sown them thick with diamond dust.  
There are they all day long ; but we,  
Sun-blinded, have no eyes to see.

I wonder if the world is full  
Of other secrets beautiful,  
As little guessed, as hard to see,  
As this sweet starry mystery ?  
Do angels veil themselves in space,  
And make the sun their hiding-place ?  
Do white wings flash as spirits go  
On heavenly errands to and fro,  
While we, down-looking, never guess  
How near our lives they crowd and press ?  
If so, at life's set we may see  
Into the dusk steal noiselessly  
Sweet faces that we used to know,  
Dear eyes like stars that softly glow,  
Dear hands stretched out to point the way,  
And deem the night more fair than day.

CHRISTIANS are called to be like stars, luminous, steadfast, majestic, attractive.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

FOR whether we live, we live unto the Lord ;  
and whether we die, we die unto the Lord :  
whether we live therefore, or die, we are the  
Lord's. — ROM. xiv. 8.

THOU to life, and I to death ;  
Thou to bide, and I to run,  
Like a ray that hasteneth  
On the hill-tops, when the sun  
Through the evening gate has gone.  
Every sunset's faced with dawn  
To the men that dwell far west ;  
Dusk or daybreak, — God knows best ;  
But we do not know.

EDITH THOMAS.

IT would be a great deal better, I thought, to  
live in the millennium than even to die and go  
to heaven, though so many people around me  
talked as if that were the most desirable thing  
of all. But I could never understand why, if  
God sent us here, we should be in haste to get  
away, even to go to a pleasanter place.

LUCY LARCOM.

THAT, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him. — 1 THESS. v. 10.

LET the world pass by unknown,  
Care is dead and sorrow flown ;  
O'er His garment's outer fold  
I have all my burdens rolled :  
I will sleep, for God shall be  
Even in slumber blessing me.

As a callow bird may rest  
Swinging softly in its nest,  
As a baby kept from harm  
In its mother's folding arm,  
So I rest secure with Thee ;  
Even in sleep Thou blestest me.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

IF to know that God approves of you, that all day long God is with you, and you with God, that His loving and mighty arms are under you, that He has promised to keep you in all your ways, to prosper all you do, and reward you forever, — if this be not happiness, my friends, what is?

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

February 29.

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HE preserveth the souls of His saints. — Ps.  
xcvii. 10.

WE question of the silence vast,  
Of souls that people distant spheres;  
What of their future and their past?  
Have they our sorrows, joys, and fears? —

But one great thought our strength upholds:  
Nothing shall perish! Though His rod  
Smites sore, His mercy still upholds  
His own; God's souls are safe with God.

CELIA THAXTER.

WITH much we must part. Much must pass;  
more will remain. The communion of related  
souls will remain to be revived again and again.

FREDRIKA BREMER

## March 1.

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FREELY ye have received, freely give. — MATT.  
x. 8.

THERE doth not live  
Any so poor but they may give,  
Any so rich but may receive.

Withhold the very meagrest dole  
Hands can bestow, in part or whole,  
And we may stint a starving soul.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE more spiritual is a man's religion, the more expansive and broad it always is. A stream may leave its deposits in the pool it passes through, but the stream itself hurries on to other pools in the thick woods; and so God's gifts a soul may selfishly appropriate, but God himself, the more truly a soul possesses Him, the more truly will it long and try to share Him.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

EVERY one is a neighbor in the degree in which he is near the Lord.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.



## March 2.

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THE fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace. —  
GAL. v. 22.

THEN constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,  
One lost in certainty and one in joy ;  
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,  
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,  
Thy office and thy nature still the same,  
Lasting thy lamp and unconsumed thy flame,  
Shalt still survive,  
Shalt stand before the host of heaven confessed,  
Forever blessing and forever blest.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

LET us rise to higher things ; let us live in  
that region which makes the face to shine, and  
where the heart says, " I have seen the Lord."

BISHOP EWING.

THE first step in the ladder of wisdom is to  
know, acknowledge, and perceive that what is  
known is little and scarce anything in com-  
parison with what is unknown.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

## March 3.

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HE stayeth His rough wind. — ISA. xxvii. 8.

THE winds that o'er my ocean run  
Reach through all heavens beyond the sun ;  
Through life and death, through fate, through time,  
Grand breaths of God, they sweep sublime.

Eternal trades, they cannot veer,  
And blowing, teach us how to steer ;  
And well for him whose joy, whose care,  
Is but to keep before them fair.

Oh, thou God's mariner, heart of mine,  
Spread canvas to the airs divine !  
Spread sail, and let thy Fortune be  
Forgotten in thy Destiny !

DAVID A. WASSON.

WE are but as sea-passengers, — if we look  
right on, we are upon our country's coast.

RUTHERFORD.

## March 4.

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BECAUSE it had no root, it withered away. —  
MARK iv. 6.

SHALL I be slave to every noble soul,  
Study the dead, and to their spirits bend?  
Or learn to read my own heart's folded scroll  
And make self-rule my end?

Thought from without! Oh, shall I take on trust,  
And life from others modelled steal or win?  
Or shall I heave to light and clear of rust  
My true life from within?

JEAN INGELow.

THE world has no sympathy with any but  
positive griefs. It will pity you for what you  
lose, never for what you lack.

MADAME SWETCHINE.

## March 5.

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WATCH therefore : for ye know not what hour  
your Lord doth come. — MATT. xxiv. 42.

DEATH finds us midst our playthings, snatches us,  
As a cross nurse might do a wayward child,  
From all our toys and baubles ; the rough call  
Unlooses all our favorite toys on earth,  
And well if they are such as may be answered  
In yonder world, where all is judged of truly.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AS in a voyage when the ship has come to  
anchor, if you have gone out to find water, you  
may amuse yourself with picking up a little  
shell or bulb, but you must keep your atten-  
tion steadily fixed upon the ship in case the  
captain should call, and then you must leave  
all such things ; so in life, if the captain call,  
run to the ship, and leave such possessions  
behind you, not looking back. But if you be  
an old man, take care not to go a long dis-  
tance from the ship at all, lest you should be  
called and come too late.

SENECA.

THE Lord is my light and my salvation ;  
whom shall I fear ? The Lord is the strength  
of my life ; of whom shall I be afraid ? — Ps.  
xxvii. 1.

- THANK God for life : life is not sweet always ;  
Hands may be heavy-laden, hearts care full,  
Unwelcome nights follow unwelcome days,  
And dreams divine end in awakenings dull ;  
Still it is life, and life is cause for praise.  
This ache, this restlessness, this quickening sting,  
Prove me no torpid and inanimate thing ;  
Prove me of Him who is of life the spring.  
I am alive ! — and that is beautiful.

IN every earnest life there are many flats to  
tread, with the heavens out of sight, — no sun, no  
moon, and not a tint of life on the path below ;  
when the only guidance is the faith of brighter  
hours, and the secret Hand we are too dumb  
and dark to feel. But to the meek and faithful  
it is not always so. Now and then something  
touches the dull dream of sense and custom,  
and the desolation vanishes away ; the spirit  
leaves its witness with us. The mystery of life and  
the grievousness of death are gone ; we know now  
the little from the great, the transient from the  
eternal ; we can possess our souls in patience ;  
and neither the waving palms and scattered  
flowers of triumph can elate us, nor the weight  
of any cross appear too hard to bear.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

## March 7.

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NEVERTHELESS He left not Himself without witness. — ACTS xiv. 17.

HIS testimony all the time is sure ;  
The smallest star that keepeth in the night  
His silver candle bright,  
And every deed of good that anywhere  
Maketh the hands of holy women white ;  
All sweet religious work, all earnest prayer  
Of uttered or unutterable speech ;  
Whatever things are peaceable and pure,  
Whatever things are right, —  
These are his witnesses, ay, all and each.

ALICE CARY.

SO the spiritual world becomes slowly natural ;  
and, what is of all but equal moment, the natural  
world becomes slowly spiritual. Nature is not  
a mere image or emblem of the spiritual. It  
is a working model of the spiritual.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

THOU hast sinned against thy soul. — HAB.  
ii. 10.

THE wounds I might have healed,  
The human sorrow and smart !  
And yet it never was in my soul  
To play so ill a part ;  
But evil is wrought by want of thought  
As well as want of heart !

THOMAS HOOD.

THIS, after all, is the tragical feature of life,—  
that it is linked with so much failure in character ;  
that it is given for wisdom, and yet we are not wise ;  
for goodness, and we are not good ;  
for overcoming evil, and evil remains ;  
for patience and sympathy and love, and yet we are fretful  
and hard and weak and selfish. There is nothing a right-minded  
man desires so much as entire right-mindedness. We are keyed  
not to attainment, but to the hope of it by struggle toward it.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.

FOR I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. — ROM. viii. 18.

No more in heaven than earth will he find God  
Who does not know His loving mercy swift,  
But waits the moment consummate and ripe  
Each burden from each human soul to lift.

H. H.

OH, blessed, blessed Eternity, and blessed are they who rightly ponder it ! All we do here for a brief uncertain time is but as child's play. It were less than worthless, save that it is the passage to eternity.

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES.



BEHOLD the height of the stars, how high they are ! — Job xxii. 12.

FOR one star differeth from another star  
In glory and in use ; and all are stairs  
Of the illimitable House of God.

*The Disciples.*

OFTEN, on a winter's night, when the sky is sparkling with innumerable stars, I have gone out and looked hour after hour at the majestic orbs, — the great double stars, blue and yellow, orange and purple ; the clustering brilliant constellations, blazing like a crown of diamonds in the sky, — and have at last felt almost as if I had left this little planet and was roaming through the infinite universe of God. But what are all these to the soul of man, — to the majestic intellect which can mete out the heavens with a span, and comprehend the dust of the earth in a measure, and weigh the mountains in scales ? What is the glory of the midnight heavens to that of a great spirit which rises to truth and God, and lifts up nations with it ?

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

## March 11.

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THE tongue of the just is as choice silver : the heart of the wicked is little worth. — PROV. x. 20.

BE not like a stream that brawls  
Loud with shallow waterfalls,  
But in quiet self-control  
Link together soul and soul.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

YOU can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into calmness ; you must keep it pure if you would have it pure ; and throw no stones into it if you would have it quiet.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THY friend hath a friend, and that friend hath a friend ; wherefore be discreet.

WHILE the word is yet unspoken, you are master of it ; when once it is spoken, it is master of you.

*Proverbs from the Arabic.*

FOR he is faithful that promised. — HEB. x. 23.

KING of comforts ! King of life !  
Thou hast cheered me ;  
And when fears and doubts were rife,  
Thou hast cleared me.

Day and night, not once a day,  
I will blesse Thee,  
And my soul in new array  
I will dresse Thee.

In Thy Word, as if in heaven,  
I will rest me ;  
And Thy promise, till made even,  
There shall feast me.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

LET us leave to Virtue all her difficulties, and at the same time let us redouble our efforts to conquer them. There are many brambles on the road to heaven ; the path thither is not strewn with flowers.

GUIZOT

FOLLOW Me ; and let the dead bury their dead.  
— MATT. viii. 22.

GOD gives us love. Something to love  
He lends us ; but when love is grown  
To ripeness, that on which it throve  
Falls off, and love is left alone.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE preliminary step to following Christ is the leaving the dead to bury the dead, not clamoring on his doctrine for an especial solution of difficulties which are referable to the general problem of the Universe.

ROBERT BROWNING.

BEHAVE as at a banquet, — take with gratitude and moderation what is set before you, and seek for nothing more. A higher and diviner step will be to be ready and able to forego even that which is given you.

EPICETUS.

## March 14.

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As one whom his mother comforteth, so will  
I comfort you. — ISA. lxvi. 13.

THE voice that I did more esteem  
Than music in her sweetest key,  
Those eyes which unto me did seem  
More comfortable than the day, —  
    These now by me as they have been  
    Shall nevermore be heard or seen ;  
But what I once enjoyed in them  
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus, —  
    So little hold of them have we  
That we from them or they from us  
    May in a moment ravished be ;  
    Yet we are neither just nor wise  
    If present mercies we despise,  
Or mind not how there may be made  
A thankful use of what we had.

GEORGE WITHER.

THE most beautiful of altars is the soul of an  
unhappy creature consoled, thanking God.

VICTOR HUGO.

## March 15.

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Now the God of patience grant you to be like-minded. — ROM. xv. 5.

ONCE, looking from a window on a land  
That lay in silence underneath the sun,  
A land of broad green meadows, through which poured  
Two rivers, slowly widening to the sea, —  
Thus as I looked, I know not how or whence,  
Was borne into my unexpectant soul  
That thought, late-learned by anxious-witted man, —  
The infinite patience of the Eternal Mind.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

“WAIT! it is only for a little while;  
If the Dawn tarry, wait thou for the Dawn.”

HAPPINESS is cumulative, as misery is.  
Happiness has no limits, as heaven has neither  
bottom nor bounds, — and because happiness is  
nothing but the conquest of God through love.

HENRI AMIEL.

## March 16.

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I HAVE loved thee with an everlasting love. —  
JER. xxxi. 3.

THE deepest hunger of a faithful heart  
Is faithfulness.

GEORGE ELIOT.

TO love is the great glory, the last culture,  
the highest happiness ; to be loved is little in  
comparison.

WILLIAM SMITH.

How long would love at its noblest endure if,  
tied hand and foot, it knew itself the prisoner of  
time? The human heart I think would decline  
to embark itself upon a hopeless venture ; there  
could be no more grand passions, or if there  
were, their tragedy would alone remain, their  
grandeur would have departed.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

## March 17.

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AND this commandment have we from him,  
That he who loveth God love his brother also. —

I JOHN iv. 21.

ALL service ranks the same with God :  
If now, as formerly he trod  
Paradise, his presence fills  
Our earth, each only as God wills  
Can work, — God's puppets, best and worst,  
Are we; there is no last nor first.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HUMAN suffering did not end with the life of Burns, neither was the solemn mandate, "Love one another, bear ye one another's burdens," given to the rich only, but to all men. True, we shall find no Burns to relieve, to assuage by our aid or our pity ; but celestial natures, groaning under the fardels of a weary life, we shall still find, and that wretchedness which fate has rendered voiceless and tuneless is not the least wretched but the most.

THOMAS CARLYLE.



## March 18.

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RETURN unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. — Ps. cxvi. 7.

LORD, where Thy many mansions be  
Hast thou a little room for me,  
Whose restless feet these many days  
By and forbidden paths have trod,  
And wandering in uncertain ways  
Have missed the path that leads to God?  
Lord, is there any room for me  
Who, sorrowing, would return to Thee?

I know not, verily; and yet,  
With doubts perplexed and fears beset,  
And the sad heart unsatisfied,  
Lord, I remember what sweet rest  
I did discover at Thy side.  
With yearnings not to be expressed,  
I long to walk once more with Thee;  
Lord, hast Thou any room for me?

MARY E. BRADLEY.

IT is vain to ask God to *make* us good. He never makes any one good. We may ask Him to help us to become good; that He always does.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

FOR godly sorrow worketh repentance to  
salvation. — 2 COR. vii. 10.

DROP, drop, slow tears,  
And bathe those beauteous feet  
Which brought from heaven  
The news and Prince of Peace.  
Cease not, wet eyes,  
His mercies to entreat;  
To cry for vengeance  
Sin doth never cease.  
In your deep floods  
Drown all my faults and fears;  
Nor let his eye  
See sin but through my tears.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

THINKING of Him, praying to Him, work-  
ing for Him day by day as our living, tender,  
mighty, infallible Friend, we strengthen our  
hold upon the one certain bond between earth  
and heaven; upon Him, through whom, in all  
our feebleness and sin, we have real access in  
one spirit to the Father.

CANON LIDDON.

CANST thou by searching find out God? — JOB  
xi. 7.

I SAID, "I will find God;" and forth I went  
To seek him in the clearness of the sky;  
But over me stood unendurably  
Only a pitiless sapphire firmament  
Ringing the world, — blank splendor; yet intent  
Still to find God, "I will go seek," said I,  
"His way upon the waters," and drew nigh  
An ocean marge, wind-strewn and foam-besprent;  
And the waves dashed on idle sand and stone,  
And very vacant was the long blue sea;  
But in the evening as I sat alone,  
My window open to the vanishing day,  
Dear God! I could not choose but kneel and pray,  
And it sufficed that I was found of Thee.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

BELIEVE me, then, the only right principle of action here is to consider good and evil as defined by our natural sense of both; and to strive to promote the one and to conquer the other with as hearty endeavor as if there were, indeed, no other world but this. Above all, get quit of the absurd idea that Heaven will interfere to correct great errors, while allowing its laws to take their course in punishing small ones.

JOHN RUSKIN.

HE that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. — HEB. xi. 6.

THROUGH love to light! Oh, wonderful the way  
That leads from darkness to the perfect day, —  
From darkness and from sorrow of the night  
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea!  
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to Thee,  
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

THE true environment of the moral life is God. Here conscience wakes. Here kindles love. Duty here becomes heroic, and that righteousness begins to live which alone is to live forever. But if this environment is not, the dwarfed soul must perish for mere want of its native air. The soul, in its highest sense, is a vast capacity for God. It is like a curious chamber added on to being, and somehow involving being, — a chamber with elastic and contractile walls, which can be expanded, with God as its guest, illimitably; but which, without God, shrinks and shrivels until every vestige of the Divine is gone and God's image is left without God's spirit.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

THE path of the just is as the shining light,  
that shineth more and more unto the perfect  
day. — PROV. iv. 18.

THE primal duties shine aloft like stars;  
The charities that soothe and heal and bless  
Are scattered at the feet of men like flowers.  
The generous inclination, the just rule,  
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts.  
. . . . . The smoke ascends  
To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth  
As from the lofty palace.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

EVEN amid battles have I found time to  
contemplate the stars, and the tracts of Heaven,  
and the realms above.

LUCAN.

## March 23.

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To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God. — REV. ii. 7.

O BLESSED Well of Love ! O Floure of Grace !  
O glorious Morning-Starre ! O Lamp of Light !  
Most lively image of thy Father's face,  
Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of Might,  
Meeke Lame of God, before all worlds bedight,  
How can we Thee requite for all this good,  
Or what can prise that Thy most precious blood ?

With all thy harte, with all thy soule and mind,  
Thou must Him love and His behests embrace ;  
All other loves, with which the world doth blind  
Weak fancies, and stir up affections base,  
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,  
And give thy selfe unto Him full and free  
That full and freely gave Himselfe to thee.

EDMUND SPENSER.

I AM heartily sorry for those persons who are constantly talking of the perishable nature of things and the nothingness of human life ; for, for this very end we are here, to stamp the perishable with an imperishable worth.

WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

LOVE not the world, neither the things that are in the world. — 1 JOHN ii. 15.

“NOT from darkness comes the soul,  
Nor shall darkness be its goal.  
For that, too, there is a nest,  
Whither flying it shall rest  
Evermore. It must be so.”  
Said King Edwin and his eldormen and thanes,  
“Would to God that we might know!”

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

SINCE it is possible that thou mayest depart from life this very moment, regulate every act and thought accordingly. Death, certainly, and life, honor and dishonor, pain and pleasure, — all these things happen equally to good men and to bad, being things that make us neither better nor worse.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

## March 25.

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THE foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His. — 2 TIM. ii. 19.

As thou enterest on that day  
Which no tears or fears allay,  
No regrets nor pangs affray,  
Hemmed not in by yesterday,  
By to-morrow hemmed not in —

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

IS there but one day of judgment? Why, for us every day is a day of judgment, every day is a Dies Iræ, and writes its irrecoverable verdict in the flame of its west. Think you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the doors of your houses, it waits at the corners of your streets. We are in the midst of judgment; the insects that we crush are our judges, the moments that we fret away are our judges, the elements that feed us judge as they minister, and the pleasures that deceive us judge as they indulge.

JOHN RUSKIN.



BUT God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ. — EPH. ii. 4, 5.

Two went to pray ? Oh, rather say,  
One went to brag, the other to pray ;

One stands up close and treads on high,  
Where the other dares not lend his eye ;

One nearer to God's altar trod,  
The other to the altar's God.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

NAY, it may be held with intense satisfaction that the depth of our sinning is but a measure for the depth of forgiveness, and a clinching proof that we are peculiar instruments of the Divine intention.

GEORGE ELIOT.

BE perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace. — 2 COR. xiii. 11.

NOT for my peace will I go far,  
As wanderers do, that still do roam,  
But make my strengths such as they are  
Here in my bosom and at home.

BEN JONSON.

THE old idea of sainthood demanded miracles of those whom it admitted to its calendars. The Church of Rome still makes the same demand. All make the sainthood an exceptional, irregular, unusual thing. We cannot surely think that this idea has anything like the real nobleness of that other which conceives that the highest holiness will not work miracles, but only do its duty; will busy itself not with unusual but with familiar things, and make itself manifest not in prodigies, but in the ordinary duties of a common life.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THOU therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. — 2 TIM. ii. 3.

FAITH is that weapon stronge  
Which will not fail at nede ;  
My foes therefore amonge,  
Therewith wil I procede.

I am not she that list  
My anker to let fall  
For every drislinge mist ;  
My shippe 's substantial.

ANNE ASKEW.

YOU would fain have nothing but spring and summer ; but, my dear daughter, there must be vicissitudes in the interior life as well as in that which is external. Only in heaven shall we find perpetual spring as to beauty, perpetual summer in love, perpetual autumn in fulfilment of desire.

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES.

THE Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings  
to the brightness of Thy rising. — ISA. lx. 3.

EARTH breaks up, time drops away,  
In flows heaven with its new day  
Of endless life, when He who trod,  
Very man and very God,  
This earth in weakness, shame, and pain,  
Dying the death whose signs remain  
Up yonder on the accurséd tree,  
Shall come again, no more to be  
Of captivity the thrall,  
But the one God, all in all.

ROBERT BROWNING.

COME, take that task of yours which you have  
been hesitating before, and shirking and walking  
around, and on this Easter Day lift it up and do  
it. . . . If the city of our heart is holy with the pres-  
ence of a living Christ, then the dear dead will  
come to us, and we shall know that they are not  
dead but living, — and press on joyously toward  
our own redemption, not fearing even the grave,  
since by its side stands He whom we know and  
love, who has the keys of death and hell.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

KNOWING, that as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye be also of the consolation. —  
2 COR. i. 7.

MEASURE thy life by loss instead of gain ;  
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth ;  
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,  
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.

*The Disciples.*

OUR longing desires can no more exhaust the fulness of the treasures of the Godhead than our imagination can touch their measure. The perfection of His relation to us swallows up all our imperfections, all our defects, all our evils ; for our childhood is born of His fatherhood. That man is perfect in faith who can come to God in the utter dearth of his feelings and his desires, without a glow or an aspiration, with the weight of low thoughts, failures, neglects, and wandering forgetfulness, and say to Him, "Thou art my refuge, because thou art my home."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

## March 31.

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THOU art my hiding-place ; Thou shalt preserve me from trouble ; Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. — Ps. xxxii. 7.

PRAISE be to Him who guides His servants' feet,  
Who keeps them that no evil may essay  
To do them harm ; when storm or hot rays beat,  
A refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

WE are always planning how we may govern and mould the world according to our will ; but God has made us susceptible of affections more powerful than our will, passions beneath us that deliver us captive to Satan, aspirations above us that lift us to Christ. These it is by which God rules the world and leads us in a path we have not known. These are the trembling strings of our nature on which His spirit has but to breathe and play to change the rhythm of history and deepen the music of humanity.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

April 1.

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WHEREFORE comfort one another with these words. — I THESS. iv. 18.

EYES that weep look farther, deeper  
Than the clearest vision may ;  
When God's rain falls from the weeper  
All that dims is washed away,  
And we see the white wings wave  
Where was but an empty grave.

M. W. H.

“AND Love,” said I, “whither is he departed?  
If not too late, I would propitiate and appease  
him.”

“He who cannot follow me, he who cannot  
overtake and pass me,” said the Genius, “is  
unworthy of the name, the most glorious in earth  
or heaven. Look up! Love is yonder, and  
ready to receive thee!”

I looked. The earth was under me. I saw  
only the clear blue sky, and something brighter  
above it.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

## April 2.

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WHEN thou passest through the waters, I will  
be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall  
not overflow thee. — ISA. xliii. 2.

THE River flows, how softly flows, —  
The one bank green, the other sere ;  
How sweet the wind that hither blows !

Its breath is from the blightless rose,  
Its voice from lips of leal and dear ;  
The river flows, how softly flows !

Beyond in dreams the spirit goes,  
And finds each lost and lovely peer ;  
How sweet the wind that hither blows !

EDITH THOMAS.

THEN said he, "I wish you a fair day when  
you set out for Mount Sion, and shall be glad  
to see that you go over the river dry-shod."  
But she answered : "Come wet, come dry, I  
long to be gone ; for however the weather is in  
my journey, I shall have time enough when I  
come there to sit me down and dry me."

JOHN BUNYAN.



April 3.

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BRINGING into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. — 2 COR. x. 5.

Now have I found obedience that is joy,  
Not pain, nor conflict of the heart and mind,  
But harmony of human souls with God.  
Some law there need be other than the law  
Of our own wills ; happy is he who finds  
A law in which his spirit is left free.

*The Disciples.*

IT is unworthy of us, it is inexpedient and unprofitable, to be so often discussing little questions of conduct, little matters of casuistry. Cannot we settle these into some grand principle, so that they shall adjust themselves to our life as the waves adjust themselves to the ship that is sailing through them? Sometimes we meet these questions as if they were a swarm of gnats, fighting them one by one ; when, if we would only move on, we should leave them behind, and then in the cool clear air we could do the work which we have determined to do.

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.

April 4.

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NOT slothful in business ; fervent in spirit ;  
serving the Lord. — ROM. xii. 11.

FLY idleness, which yet thou canst not fly  
By dressing, mistressing, and compliment.  
If those take up thy day, the sun will cry  
Against thee ; for his light was only lent.  
God gave thy soul brave wings, put not those feathers  
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill-weathers.

Pitch thy behavior low, thy projects high ;  
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.  
Sink not in spirit ; who aimeth at the sky  
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.  
A grain of glory mixed with humbleness  
Cures both a fever and lethargicness.

GEORGE HERBERT.

BROTHER men, one act of charity will teach  
us more of the love of God than a thousand  
sermons.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

April 5.

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BUT I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. — 1 THESS. iv. 13.

IF I stoop  
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,  
It is but for a time : I press God's lamp  
Close to my breast ; its splendor, soon or late,  
Will pierce the gloom : I shall emerge one day.  
ROBERT BROWNING.

WE have searched the records and heard all witnesses from the beginning of time ; but we have never found the boundary of His mercy. And there is no country known to man that is without His presence. And never has it been known that He has shut His ear to those who called upon Him, or forgotten one that is His. The heavenly pleaders may be silenced, but never our Lord, who pleads for all ; and heaven and earth may forget, yet will He never forget, who is the Father of all. And every child of His is to Him as if there was none other in the world.

*The Little Pilgrim in the Seen and Unseen.*

April 6.

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THE righteous hath hope in his death. — PROV.  
xiv. 32.

LIFE! we have been long together,  
Through pleasant and through stormy weather.  
'T is hard to part when friends are dear, —  
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear ;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time ;  
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime  
Bid me good-morning.

ANNE LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

WHAT I want chiefly to write to you about to-day is to explain what I really do believe about the change that death makes in us. I do not think that it is necessarily such a very great change, yet I think it is a step in our development. It seems to me like a second birth, which frees us from the influence of that part of us which comes from our ancestors, and lets the individual nature stand out less trammelled.

ANNIE KEARY.

April 7.

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IF thou seest a man of understanding, get thee  
betimes to him, and let thy foot wear the step of  
his door. — THE SON OF SIRACH.

*How* ^ JOY and grief spring from ~~one~~ *out* common root  
Though bearing different blooms, and tenderest souls  
Go gathering the darkest, while they smile  
With a calm smile that lightens the great world.

ANNIE FIELDS.

KEEP thyself, then, simple, good, pure, serious,  
free from affectation, a friend of justice, a wor-  
shipper of the gods, kind, affectionate, strenuous  
in all proper acts. Short is life. There is only  
one fruit of this terrene life, — a pious disposi-  
tion and social acts.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

April 8.

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FOR a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting. — 1 TIM. i. 16.

I LOVE my God, but with no love of mine,  
For I have none to give;  
I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine,  
For by Thy life I live.  
I am as nothing, and rejoice to be  
Emptied, and lost, and swallowed up in Thee.

Thou, Lord, alone, art all thy children need;  
And there is none beside.  
From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed,  
In Thee the blest abide, —  
Fountain of life and all-abounding grace,  
Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place.

MADAME GUYON.

IN that way Jesus Christ comes to be the ideal of excellence and sweetness and friendliness in one's mind, and we can never be chilled or embittered by disappointment in our fellow-creatures or ourselves, because we always have Him to turn to, and we know that He wills us to be like Him, and will make us all like Him if we ask Him and have patience.

ANNIE KEARY.

April 9.

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HAST thou not known? hast thou not heard,  
that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator  
of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is  
weary? — ISA. xl. 28.

WHAT though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now forever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower ;  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO the high air, sunshine and cloud are one.

FESTUS.

A SOUL that dwells with virtue is like a peren-  
nial spring ; for it is pure and limpid, and re-  
freshful and inviting, and serviceable and rich, and  
innocent and uninjurious.

EPICETUS.

April 10.

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HAVING loosed the pains of death. — ACTS  
ii. 24.

THIS death, the dread of which turns us so cold,  
Outside of our own fears has no stronghold;  
'T is but a boundary, past which, lost in light,  
Our friends are walking still, just out of sight.

H. H.

FOR I think man, of all God's creatures, the  
most blest, dowered with the deepest sacrifice,  
with the highest life. He has been privileged to  
die; there is an awful glory about this thought.  
The word death, which seemed to man the  
sum of all horror, has become the sacrest  
and holiest of all.

JAMES HINTON.



April 11.

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BE kindly affectioned one to another with  
brotherly love ; in honor preferring one another.  
— ROM. xii. 10.

THINK not thou canst sigh a sigh,  
And thy Maker is not by :  
Think not thou canst weep a tear,  
And thy Maker is not near.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

HE is a friend who treated as a foe  
Now even more friendly than before doth show ;  
Who to his brother still remains a shield,  
Although a sword for him his brother wield ;  
Who of the very stones against him cast,  
Builds friendship's altar higher and more fast.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THOUGH you may study perfectly the rules  
of many sects, kindness must gain you heaven.

*From the Turkish.*

HE is a buckler to all those that trust in Him.  
— Ps. xviii. 30.

How infinite and sweet, Thou everywhere  
And all abounding Love, Thy service is !  
Thou liest an ocean round my world of care,  
My petty every-day, and fresh and fair  
Pour Thy strong tides through all my crevices  
Until the silence ripples into prayer.

The busy fingers fly, the eyes may see  
Only the glancing needle which they hold,  
But all my life is blossoming inwardly,  
And every breath is like a litany,  
While through each labor, like a thread of gold,  
Is woven the sweet consciousness of Thee.

THE little basket carried up among the hills furnished, beneath the hand of Christ, an ample feast. And no less a marvel does God work with all the pure in heart who go up into the lonely place to meet Him. Be they only not quite empty of truth and love ; let them have but the poorest pilgrim's unleavened cake of sincerity and faith, and when they have spread their insufficiency before God, and broken it into its worthlessness for His blessing to enter, they shall return richer than they came, and gather more than they brought.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

THOU wilt show me the path of life. . . . At  
Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.  
— Ps. xvi. 11.

WHO love can never die ! They are a part  
Of all that lives beneath the summer's sky ;  
With the world's living soul their souls are one :  
Nor shall they in vast Nature be undone  
And lost in the general life ; each separate heart  
Shall live, and find its own, and never die.  
RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

THIS wonderfully woven life of ours shall not  
be broken by death in a single strand of it ; it  
shall run on and on, an unbroken life, upheld  
by the will of the Eternal. Death cannot break  
it, but it shall change it. It shall draw from it  
all perishable dross. While the life remains the  
same, some elements of which its strands are  
woven shall be changed : instead of the silver  
cord shall be the thread of gold ; for the corrup-  
tible shall be the incorruptible ; and there shall  
be no more entanglement or imperfection, no  
more strain upon any strand of it ; the flesh  
shall not chafe against the spirit nor the spirit  
against the flesh, but there shall be at last the  
one perfectly accorded, incorruptible, and beauti-  
ful life.

NEWMAN SMYTH.

## April 14.

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FOR if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection. — ROM. vi. 5.

THEN long eternity shall greet our bliss  
With an individual kiss.

JOHN MILTON.

BUT often in my worn life's autumn weather  
I watch there with clear eyes,  
And think how it will be in Paradise  
When we 're together.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

IF we could discover the country of departed spirits, hold daily converse with the sainted blest, and grow familiar with the everlasting hills, the reality of that better land would so far cease to be a religious truth, and be transferred from our faith to our geography.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

April 15.

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O LORD our Lord, how excellent is Thy name  
in all the earth ! — Ps. viii. 1.

THEREFORE to whom turn I but to Thee, ineffable  
name ?

Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with  
hands !

What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the  
same,

Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy  
power expands ?

There shall never be one lost good ! what was shall live  
as before ;

The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound ;

What was good shall be good, with for evil so much  
good more ;

On the earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven a perfect  
round.

ROBERT BROWNING.

ALL knowledge begins and ends with wonder ;  
but the first wonder is the child of ignorance,  
the last wonder is the parent of adoration.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

BUT now in Christ Jesus ye who sometime were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. — EPH. ii. 13.

GOD's yea and nay  
Are not so far away,  
I said, but I can have them when I please ;  
Nor could I understand  
Their doubting faith who only touch His hand  
Across the blind, bewildering centuries.

ALICE CARY.

THERE there is no hoarding, but an ever-fresh creating, an eternal flow of life from the heart of the All-beautiful. Hence even the heart of man cannot hoard. His brain or his hand may gather into its box and hoard ; but the moment the thing has passed into the box, the heart has lost it and is hungry again. If man would *have*, it is the giver he must have : the eternal, the original, the ever-outpouring is alone within his reach ; the everlasting creation is his heritage.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

April 17.

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DEATH is swallowed up in victory. — 1 COR.  
xv. 54.

BETTER than carols for the babe new-born,  
The shining young men's speech, "He is not here;"  
Why question where the feet lay, where the head?  
Come forth; bright o'er the world breaks EASTER morn;  
He is arisen, victor o'er grief and fear.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

AS the dead body shall be raised up in life, so  
also the defeated soul to victory, if only it has  
been fighting on the Master's side, has made no  
covenant with death, nor itself bowed its fore-  
head for the seal. Blind from the prison-house,  
maimed from the battle, or mad from the tombs,  
their souls shall yet sit, astonished, at His feet  
who giveth peace.

JOHN RUSKIN.

April 18.

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KNOWING that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him. — ROM. vi. 9.

I GOT me flowers to strew Thy way,  
I got me boughs off many a tree;  
But Thou wast up by break of day,  
And brought'st thy sweets along with Thee.

Can there be any day but this,  
Though many suns to shine endeavor?  
We count three hundred, but we miss;  
There is but one, and that one ever.

GEORGE HERBERT.

IT was not mere bodily death that He conquered; that death had no sting. It was the spiritual death, so that at last it should be swallowed up — mark the word — not in life, but in victory.

JOHN RUSKIN.



April 19.

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My people shall be satisfied with my goodness, saith the Lord. — JER. xxxi. 14.

I CANNOT think but God must know  
About the thing I long for so ;  
I know He is so good, so kind,  
I cannot think but He will find  
Some way to help, some way to show  
Me to the thing I long for so.

Now, Lord, I leave at Thy loved feet  
The thing which looks so near, so sweet ;  
I will not seek, I will not long, —  
I almost fear I have been wrong.  
I'll go and work the harder, Lord,  
And wait till by some loud clear word  
Thou callest me to Thy loved feet  
To take this thing, so dear, so sweet.

SAXE HOLM.

HAVE you a want? Keep it not ; carry it to Him : it shall lie on the mercy-seat to be considered. In due time shall be written on it, "To be provided for."

LADY POWERSCOURT.

THEREFORE, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.—1 COR. xv. 58.

LORD, in Thy sky of blue  
No stain of cloud appears ;  
Gone all my faithless fears,  
Only Thy love seems true.  
Help me to thank Thee, then, I pray,  
Walk in the light and cheerfully obey !

Lord, when I look on high  
Clouds only meet my sight ;  
Fears deepen with the night ;  
But yet it is Thy sky.  
Help me to trust Thee, then, I pray,  
Wait in the dark, and tearfully obey !

LUCY SMITH.

FAITH and obedience are bound up in the same bundle. He that obeys God, trusts God ; and he that trusts God, obeys God.

SPURGEON.

April 21.

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SEEK Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning . . . The Lord is His name.—  
AMOS v. 8.

EVEN such is time, that takes in trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with earth and dust ;  
Who, in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days ;  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SO the milder third gate was opened for him, and he passed, not softly, yet speedily, into that still country, where the hail-storms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest-laden wayfarer at length lays down his load.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

April 22.

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FOR we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end. — HEB. iii. 14.

WHAT hath man done that man shall not undo,  
Since God to him is grown so near akin?  
Did his foe slay him? he shall slay his foe:  
Hath he lost all? he all again shall win:  
Is sin his master? he shall master sin.

GILES FLETCHER.

BUT we see no reason for fearing that Christianity is to be outgrown or passed by. It comes out of the foreordination of God in the earliest past; it reaches forward into the remotest future. It sweeps together in its large embrace all races, characters, intellects, conditions. Beings in heaven and on earth and under the earth bow before the great name of Christ, and confess Him to be Lord to the glory of God the Father. It rises on the wings of humility, fidelity, and love to the highest heaven, to the living throne of God, around which collect

The spirits and intelligences fair,  
And angels waiting by the Almighty chair.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

FREELY ye have received, freely give. — MATT.  
x. 8.

GIVE, as the morning that flows out of heaven ;  
Give, as the waves when their channel is riven ;  
Give, as the free air and sunshine are given, —  
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give !  
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,  
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,  
Not a pale bud from the June rose's blowing ;  
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live !

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river  
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,  
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver !  
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.  
Scatter thy life as the summer showers pouring !  
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring,  
What if no blossom looks upward adoring ?  
Look to the Life that was lavished for thee !

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THE Lord did not create the universe for  
His own sake, but for those with whom He  
will dwell in heaven ; for spiritual love is such  
that it wishes to give what it has to another ;  
and so far as it can do this, it is in its esse  
peace and blessedness.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

April 24.

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FOR I am the Lord, I change not. — MAL.  
iii. 6.

MY soul, there is a countrie  
Afar beyond the stars,  
Where stands a winged sentrie  
All skilful in the wars.  
There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles,  
And one born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.  
He is thy gracious friend ;  
And (O my soul, awake !)  
Did in pure love descend  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst get but thither,  
There growes the flowre of peace,  
The rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortresse and thy ease.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges,  
For none can thee secure,  
But One who never changes,  
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

TAKING the first footstep with the good  
thought, the second with a good word, and the  
third with a good deed, I entered Paradise.

ZOROASTER.

April 25.

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FOR what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. — JAMES iv. 14.

THE time is short, and this sufficeth us  
To live and die by; and in Him again  
We see the same first starry attribute;  
“Perfect through suffering,” our salvation’s seal  
Set in the front of His humanity.  
For God has other words for other worlds,  
But for this world the word of God is Christ.  
And when we come to die we shall not find  
The day has been too long for any of us  
To have fulfilled the perfect law of Christ.

*The Disciples.*

THE thought of Time is solemn and awful to all minds in proportion to their depth. Brethren, let but a man possess himself of that thought, the deep thought of the brevity of time; this thought, that time is short and that eternity is long, — and he has learned the first great secret of unworldliness.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

April 26.

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LOVE worketh no ill to his neighbor ; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law. — ROM. xiii. 10.

MINE be the love that in itself can find  
Seed of white thoughts, the lilies of the mind,  
Seed of that glad surrender of the will  
Which finds in service self's true purpose still.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MAY not its course express,  
In characters which they who run may read,  
The charms of gentleness,  
Were but its still small voice allowed to plead ?

Niagara's streams might fail,  
And human happiness be undisturbed ;  
But Egypt would turn pale,  
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curbed !

BERNARD BARTON.

TACT is a gift ; it is likewise a grace. As a gift it may or may not have fallen to our share ; as a grace we are bound either to possess or to acquire it.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



April 27.

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GREAT boldness in the faith. — I TIM. iii. 13.

As the bird trims her to the gale  
I trim myself to the storm of time.  
I man the rudder, reef the sail,  
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime ;  
Lowly faithful, banish fear !  
Right onward drive unharmed ;  
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,  
And every wave is charmed.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

MAN'S best gifts lie beyond the power of man either to give or to take away. This universe, the grandest and loveliest work of Nature, and the intellect which was created to observe and admire it, are our special and eternal possessions, which shall last as long as we last ourselves. Cheerful, therefore, and erect, let us hasten with undaunted footsteps whithersoever our fortunes lead us.

SENECA.

April 28.

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AND the servant of the Lord must not strive ;  
but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient.  
— 2 TIM. ii. 24.

THE wind that beats the mountain, blows  
More softly round the open wold ;  
And gently comes the world to those  
Who are cast in a gentle mould.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

I BELIEVE the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean, by humility, doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking his opinion. But really great men have a curious under-sense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not *in* them but *through* them ; that they could not do or be anything else than God made them. And they see something divine and God-made in every other man, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly *merciful*.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THERE are glimpses of heaven granted us in every act or thought or word, which raises us above ourselves.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

April 29.

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BE patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. — JAMES v. 7.

NOT disabled from the service,  
No, nor absent from your post ;  
You are doing gallant service  
Where the Master needs you most.

It was noble to give battle  
While the world stood cheering on ;  
It is nobler to lie patient  
Leaving half one's work undone.

And the King counts up His heroes  
Where the desperate charge was led,  
But writes " My Best Beloved "  
Over the sick man's bed.

M. W. H.

IF you cannot frame your circumstances in accordance with your wishes, frame your will in accordance with your circumstances. When you lose the best gifts of life, consider them as not lost, but only resigned to Him who gave them. You have a remedy in your own heart against all trials, continence as a bulwark against passion, patience against opposition, fortitude against pain.

EPICETUS.

April 30.

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IN righteousness shalt thou be established. —  
ISA. liv. 14.

HE serves his country best  
Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on ;  
For speech has myriad tongues for every day,  
And song but one ; and law within the breast  
Is stronger than the graven law on stone :  
There is a better way.

He serves his country best  
Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deed,  
And walks straight paths, however others stray ;  
And leaves his sons as uttermost bequest  
A stainless record which all men may read :  
This is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide,  
No dew but has an errand to some flower,  
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray ;  
And man by man, each giving to all the rest,  
Makes the firm bulwark of the country's power ;  
There is no better way.

GET your spindle and your distaff ready, and  
God will send you flax.

J. G. HOLLAND.

## May 1.

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As the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart. — EPH. vi. 6.

WHEN obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison walls to be,  
I do the little that I can  
And leave the rest to Thee.

I have no cares, O blessed Will !  
For all my cares are Thine.  
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou  
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

A. W. FABER.

DO thy duty, and be at peace with God and thine own conscience. There can be no true peace for thee apart from the honest and daily discharge of those obligations, great and small, which come into thy life from the Creator, and which, rightly viewed, are angels of divine discipline. Thou hast too much to say about thy rights, and thinkest too little about thy duties. Thou hast but one inalienable right, and that is the sublime one of doing thy duty at all times, under all circumstances, and in all places.

FREDERIC R. MARVIN.

## Day 2.

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CHANGED into the same image from glory to glory. — 2 COR. iii. 18.

WHATE'ER thou lovest, man, that too become thou must, —

God, if thou lovest God ; dust, if thou lovest dust.

FRIEDRICH VON LOGAN.

BUT the most important part of the training of the Twelve was one which was perhaps at the time little noticed, though it was producing splendid results, — the silent and constant influence of His character on them. It was this which made them the men they became. For this, more than all else, the generations of those who love Him look back to them with envy. We admire and adore at a distance the qualities of His character ; but what must it have been to see them in the unity of life, and for years to feel their moulding pressure ? — God was about Him like the atmosphere He breathed, or the sunlight in which He walked.

JAMES STALKER.

FIRST the blade, then the ear ; after that the full corn in the ear. — MARK iv. 28.

SERENE will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security.  
And blest are they who in the main  
This faith even now do entertain ;  
Live in the spirit of this creed,  
Yet find that other strength according to their need.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

MAN'S regeneration is not effected in a moment, but by successive steps from the beginning to the end of his life in the world ; and it is continued and perfected afterward.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

MEN are to be educated by wholesome habit, not by rewards and punishments.

JOHN RUSKIN.

## Day 4.

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I SHALL be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness. — Ps. xvii. 15.

GOD is enough ! thou who in hope and fear  
Toilest through desert-sands of life, sore tried,  
Climb trustful over death's black ridge, for near  
The bright wells shine : thou wilt be satisfied.

God doth suffice ! O thou, the patient one,  
Who puttest faith in Him, and none beside,  
Bear yet thy load ; under the setting sun  
The glad tents gleam : thou wilt be satisfied.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

NOW, as they came up to those places, behold the gardener stood in the way, to whom the pilgrims said, " Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these ? " He answered : " They are the King's, and are planted here for His own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims."

JOHN BUNYAN.



FOR he that in these things serveth Christ, is acceptable to God, and approved of men. —  
ROM. xiv. 18.

BLEST is the man whose head and hands are pure !  
He hath no sickness that he shall not cure,  
No sorrow that he may not well endure ;  
His feet are steadfast, and his hope is sure.

Through clouds and shadows of the darkest night  
He will not lose a glimmering of the light,  
Nor, though the sun of joy be shrouded quite,  
Swerve from the narrow path to left or right.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

TO live in the presence of great truths, to be dealing with eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals, — that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him, and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him.

FRANCIS G. PEABODY.

## May 6.

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BLESSED be the king that cometh in the name  
of the Lord. — LUKE xix. 28.

IN the world without and the world within  
He maketh all things new ;  
The touch of sorrow, the stain of sin,  
Shall flee from the gate when the King comes in,  
From the chill night's damp and dew.

Anew in the heaven the sweet stars shine ;  
On earth new blossoms spring,  
The old life lost in the life divine ;  
"Thy will be mine, my will be Thine,"  
Is the song which the new hearts sing.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

IT seemed to me that holiness brought an in-  
expressible purity, brightness, peacefulness, and  
nourishment to the soul ; that it made the soul  
like a field or garden of God, with all manner  
of pleasant flowers.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

WHEREFORE, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless. —  
2 PETER iii. 14.

A HEAVENLY feast no hunger can consume ;  
A light unseen, yet shines in every place ;  
A sound no time can steal, a sweet perfume  
No winds can scatter ; an entire embrace  
That no satiety can e'er unlace :  
Ingracèd in so high a favour, there  
The saints with their beau-peers whole worlds outwear,  
And things unseen do see and things unheard do hear.

GILES FLETCHER.

DEATH, if I am right, is, in the first place, the separation from one another of two things, soul and body, — nothing else. And after they are separated they retain their several characteristics, which are much the same as in life. When a man is stripped of his body, all the natural and acquired affections of the soul are laid open to view.

PLATO.

## Day 8.

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HE that believeth on Him shall not be confounded. — 1 PETER ii. 6.

LEAVE, leave thy gadding thoughts !  
Who pores  
And spies  
Still out of doores,  
Descries  
Within them nought.  
The skin and shelle of things,  
Though fair,  
Are not  
Thy wish nor pray'r,  
But got  
By mere despaire  
Of wings.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

BELIEVE in Christ, in God, in man, and we rise above the world and the use of the world. We grow better, and we make men better ; we have a hope for the race, by which we live ourselves and in which we can live for others. Our eyes are opened to see the goodness of men. The drunken sailors of Columbus saw nothing in the carved wood and the strange bird and the floating seaweed, for the tyranny of the present, fear and suspicion, was upon them ; but the calm figure watching on the prow saw in them — America.

STOPFORD BROOKE.

BECAUSE thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee. — REV. iii. 10.

YET He doth not fail  
For thy impatience, but stands by thee still,  
Patient, unfaltering, — till thou too shalt grow  
Patient, — and wouldst not miss the sharpness grown  
To custom, which assures Him at thy side,  
Hand to thy hand, and not far off in heaven.

*The Disciples.*

THE thoughts of God are eternal thoughts. They are independent of time, independent of worlds. You set your life to-day into the doing of the will of God. After you have set your life into that life, it need never be changed. A million years hence, what is my duty to-day will be my duty still. The centuries that are before us will never change the character of our duty. Let changes come, let death come, — we pass on, still thinking God's thoughts, still doing God's business, on, on forever, up the ages.

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.

THE Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath — MARK ii. 27.

SUNDAYS the pillars are  
On which Heaven's palace archèd lies ,  
The other days fill up the spare  
And hollow room with vanities.

GEORGE HERBERT.

FOR the Sabbath was made for man. God made it for men in a certain spiritual state because they needed it. He who can dispense with it must be holy and spiritual indeed. And he who, still unholy and unspiritual, would yet dispense with it, is a man who would fain be wiser than his Maker.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

WITH the multitude that keep holy day, we may, perhaps, sometimes vainly have gone up to the house of the Lord, and vainly there have asked for what we fancied would be mercy ; but for the few who labor as their Lord would have them, the mercy needs no asking, and their wide home no hallowing. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow them all the days of their life, and they shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

JOHN RUSKIN.

## May 11.

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FORGETTING those things which are behind. —  
PHIL. iii. 13.

IF I could only surely know  
That all these things that tire me so  
Were noticed by my Lord,  
The pang that cuts me like a knife,  
The lesser pains of daily life,  
The noise, the weariness, the strife,  
What peace it would afford !

I wonder if He really shares  
In all my little human cares,  
This mighty King of Kings !  
If He who guides each blazing star  
Through realms of boundless space afar  
Without confusion, sound, or jar,  
Stoops to these petty things.

I AM as far as ever from being satisfied. I  
am seeking still, only more sure than I used to  
be that the Divine light and love are there, and  
that prayer and waiting and hoping in God are  
roads to them.

ANNIE KEARY.

AN inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled,  
and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven  
for you. — 1 PETER i. 4.

BROTHER, thy high desire  
In the remotest sphere shall be fulfilled,  
Where are fulfilled all others, and my own  
There perfect is, and ripened and complete every  
desire.  
Oh, joy ! Oh, gladness inexpressible !  
Oh, perfect life of love and peacefulness !  
Oh, riches without hankering secure !

DANTE.

FOR whether you stay at home and look in  
upon the composition of your own nature, or go  
out into the universe and providence of God, you  
will find this law, — that of his agencies and man-  
ifestations, it is the lowest that are least mutable,  
and must remain the same from first to last ;  
while the highest have ever a tidal ebb and flow,  
moving in waves of time, and surprising hidden  
inlets of space with their flood.

JAMES MARTINEAU.



SAVED in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. — ISA. xlv. 17.

Oh, how blest are ye whose toils are ended,  
Who, through death, have unto God ascended !  
Ye have arisen  
From the cares which keep us still in prison.

Christ has wiped away your tears forever ;  
Ye have that for which we still endeavor.  
To you are chanted  
Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

*From the German of SIMON DACH.*

THEY know that the few years of time are but a halt at the gate of Eternity, and that true wisdom consists in practically understanding the ineffaceable distinction which parts that which perishes from before our very eyes from that which must last forever.

CANON LIDDON.

## May 14.

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THINE eyes shall see the King in His beauty ;  
they shall behold the land that is very far off. —  
ISA. xxxiii. 17.

I KNOW the King shall come to that new earth,  
And His feet stand again as once they stood.  
In His man's eyes will shine time's end and worth,  
The chiefest beauty and the chiefest good ;  
And all shall have the all, and in it bide,  
And every soul of man be satisfied.

JEAN INGELow.

I CONSIDER one of the great felicities of heaven consists in an immunity from sin ; then we shall love God without mixture of malice ; then we shall enjoy without envy ; then we shall see fuller vessels running over with glory, and crowned with bigger circles ; and this we shall behold without spilling from our eyes any sign of anger, trouble, or a repining spirit ; our passions shall be pure, our desire without lust, our possessions all our own ; and all in the inheritance of Jesus, in the richest soil of God's eternal kingdom.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

## Day 15.

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THE Lord bindeth up the breach of His people, and healeth the stroke of their wound. — ISA. xxx. 26.

Go not far from me, O my Strength,  
Whom all my times obey !  
Take from me anything Thou wilt,  
But go not 'Thou away ;  
And let the storm that does Thy work  
Deal with me as it may !

ANNA L. WARING.

THERE was no promise made to her that her prayer would be granted, and no new light given her for the time to come ; but her pain was taken away. She stood hushed, and lifted up her eyes ; “ Is this the peace that passeth all understanding ? ” she said to herself, confused with the sudden calm. In all her life it had never so happened to her before, — to be healed of her grievous wounds, yet without cause ; and while no change was wrought, yet to be put to rest.

“ It is our Brother,” said the little Pilgrim, shedding tears of joy. “ It is the secret of the Lord,” said the Sage ; but not even they had seen Him passing by.

MRS. OLIPHANT.

## May 16.

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ACCORDING to the grace of God which is given unto me, as a wise masterbuilder, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon. For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. — I COR. iii. 10, 11.

SOULS are built as temples are, —  
Here a carving rich and quaint,  
There the image of a saint ;  
Here a deep-hued pane to tell  
Sacred truth or miracle ;  
Every little helps the much ;  
Every careful, careless touch  
Adds a charm or leaves a scar.

Souls are built as temples are, —  
Based on truth's eternal law,  
Sure and steadfast, without flaw,  
Through the sunshine, through the snows,  
Up and on the building goes ;  
Every fair thing finds its place,  
Every hard thing lends a grace,  
Every hand may make or mar.

IF I had but two loaves of bread, I would sell one and buy hyacinths, for they would feed my soul.

KORAN.

THE example and shadow of heavenly things.  
— HEB. viii. 5.

WE must be nobler for our dead, be sure,  
Than for the quick. We might their living eyes  
Deceive with gloss of seeming, but all lies  
Were vain to cheat a prescience spirit-pure.  
Our soul's true worth and aim, however poor,  
They see who watch us from some deathless skies  
With glance death-quicken'd. That no sad surprise  
Sting them in seeing, be ours to secure.  
Living, our loved ones make us what we dream ;  
Dead, if they see, they know us as we are.  
Henceforward we must be, not merely seem.  
Bitterer woe than death it were by far  
To fail their hopes who love us to redeem ;  
Loss were twice loss that thus their faith should mar.

ARLO BATES

IT is a sad weakness in us, after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us ; as if life were not sacred too, — as if it were comparatively a light thing to fail in love and reverence to the brother who has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey.

GEORGE ELIOT.

FOR our conversation is in heaven. — PHIL.  
iii. 20.

CLEAR fount of life, my native land on high,  
Bright with a glory that shall never fade !  
Mansion of truth ! without a veil or shade,  
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.  
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,  
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath ;  
But sentinelled in heaven, its glorious presence  
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.

*From the Spanish of FRANCESCO DE ALDANA.*

ARE we not strangers here? Is it not strange  
that we so often meet and part without a word  
of our home, or the way to it, or our advance  
toward it?

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

GOD is ever drawing like toward like, and  
making them acquainted.

*Lyrics from HOMER.*

THY righteousness is like the great mountains ; Thy judgments are a great deep. — Ps. xxxvi. 6.

THEREFORE, though tempests gather, and the gale  
Through autumn skies will roar,  
Though earth sends up to heaven the ancient wail  
Heard by dead gods of yore ;  
Yet know I Peace abides, of earth's wild things  
Centre, and ruling thence ;  
Behold, a spirit folds her budded wings  
In confident innocence.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

THE Lord in the world, by means of combats and temptations, glorified His Human, — that is, made it Divine ; in like manner now, with a man individually, while he is in temptations : in these the Lord fights for him, and conquers the evil spirits who are infesting him ; and after temptation glorifies him, — that is, renders him spiritual.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

AND He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. — JOHN x. 3.

BLINDFOLDED and alone I wait.  
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late ;  
Too heavy burdens in the load,  
And too few helpers on the road ;  
And joy is weak, and grief is strong,  
And years and days so long, so long :  
Yet this one thing I learn to know  
Each day more surely as I go,  
That I am glad that good and ill  
By changeless law are ordered still  
Not as I will.

H. H.

AND what can fill us with a loftier inspiration, or lift us with a more sublime and blessed confidence than this, — the fact that Christ, the Eternal Shepherd, has a personal recognition of us, leading us on by name and calling us to follow? No matter whether He call us into ways of gain or of suffering, of honor or of scorn, it is all one with such a leader before us. Nay, if we go down to sound the depths of sorrow and ennoble the pains of sacrifice and perfume the grave of ignominy, what are these but a more inspiring and more godlike call, since He is now our leader even there?

HORACE BUSHNELL.



So also Christ glorified not Himself. — HEB.  
v. 5.

OTHERS shall sing the song,  
Others shall right the wrong, —  
Finish what I begin,  
And all I fail of win.

What matter I or they,  
Mine or another's day,  
So the right word be said,  
And life the sweeter made ?

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

LEFT to ourselves to peer about from the dull prison of our grosser mind, unaided by the mighty spirits of our race, who emancipate us by their greatness and snatch us by their genius into the free light, — how little should we see of the sanctity and glory of this world ! What a dim, subterranean life we should live ! Yet the instant we are taken aloft we find that the darkness was the dream and the splendor has come true.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

IN quietness and in confidence shall be your strength. — ISA. xxx. 15.

TEACH us who waits best sues ;  
Who longest waits of all most surely wins.  
When Time is spent, Eternity begins.  
To doubt, to chafe, to haste, doth God accuse.

H. H.

I COME to Thee not asking aught ; I crave  
No gift of Thine, no grace ;  
Yet where the suppliants enter let me have  
Within Thy courts a place.

My hands, my heart contain no offering ;  
Thy name I would not bless  
With lips untouched by altar-fire ; I bring  
Only my weariness.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

LET us excitable people try the efficacy of the cross applied to our hearts by love. I will not despair of its steadying and calming the unquietest heart among us, — yours or mine.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THE Lord knoweth. — 2 TIM. ii. 19.

GOD hears from the high blue heaven ;  
He sees the grape in the flower ;  
He hears one's life-blood dripping  
Through the maddest, merriest hour ;  
He knows what sackcloth and ashes hide in the purple  
of power.

The broken wing of the swallow  
He binds in the middle air.  
I shall be what I am in Paradise ;  
So, heart, no more despair,  
Remember the blessed Jesus, and wipe His feet with  
thy hair.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THE Lord knoweth them that are His ; but  
we — we are left to judge by uncertain signs,  
that so we may learn to exercise hope and  
faith toward one another.

GEORGE ELIOT.

GOD is with thee in all that thou doest. —  
GEN. xxi. 22.

HEARDST thou these wanderers reasoning of a time  
When men more near the Eternal One shall climb?  
How like the new-born child, who cannot tell  
A mother's arm that wraps it warm and well!  
Leaves of His rose, drops in His sea that flow, —  
Are they, alas! so blind they cannot know  
How, in this breathing world of joy and fear,  
They can no nearer get to God than here?

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

LET us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. The existence of God can never be proved satisfactorily to a doubting intellect, for the proof rests on spontaneous insights. But we come to know God by communion, just as we come to know the outward world; only by acting on the outward world, and letting it react on us, do we become aware of its substantial reality. And so only by communion with God, speaking to him, receiving his answer, talking to him, beholding his face in righteousness, do we become at last as sure of the real presence of God as we are of the reality of the world.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

HIS secret is with the righteous. — PROV. iii.  
32.

YET on the nimble air benign  
Speed nimbler messages,  
That waft the breath of grace divine  
To hearts in sloth and ease.  
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"  
The youth replies, "I can."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

FOR just as a stone even if you fling it into the air will fall down to the earth by its own gravitating force, so also a noble nature in proportion as it is repulsed, in that proportion tends more in its own natural direction.

SENECA.

DOES it not stand to reason that the only remedy to the "I can't" must be the "I must"?

JAMES HINTON.

## Day 26.

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FOR, behold, the kingdom of God is within you. — LUKE xvii. 21.

I SENT my soul through the invisible  
Some letter of that after-life to spell ;  
And by and by my soul returned to me,  
And answered, "I myself am heaven and hell."

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

IN fine, our whole beatitude consists in our enlightenment.

LESSING.

THERE is no day of eternity auguster than that which now is. There is nothing in the way of consequence to be awaited that is not now enacting, no sweetness that may not now be tasted, no bitterness that is not now felt. What comes after will but be the increment of what now is, for even now we are in the eternal world.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.

BLESSED is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God. — LUKE xiv. 15.

THE sting for pride, the smart for sin,  
The purging draught for self within,  
  
The sorrows which we shuddering meet,  
Not knowing their after-taste of sweet,—  
  
All these we ask for when we pray,  
“Give us our daily bread this day.”  
  
Lord, leave us not athirst, unfed ;  
Give us this best and hardest bread,  
  
Until, these mortal needs all past,  
We sit at thy full feast at last,  
  
The bread of angels broken by thee,  
The wine of joy poured constantly.

THIS impossibility of being satisfied with his own performances is one of the strongest proofs of our immortality, — a proof of that perfection toward which we shall forever tend, but which we shall never attain.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

THY youth is renewed like the eagle's. — Ps.  
ciii. 5.

So grant me, God, from every care  
And stain of passion free,  
Aloft through virtue's purer air  
To hold my course to Thee!  
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay  
My soul, as home she springs; —  
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
Thy freedom in her wings.

THOMAS MOORE.

FEW bring back at eve, immaculate, the manners of the morn. Something we thought is blotted, we resolved is shaken, we renounced returns again.

YOUNG.

RIVERS like to have one bank to sun themselves upon, and another to get cool under; one shingly shore to play over and be shallow and foolish and childlike, and another steep shore where they can pause and get the strength of waves together for occasions. They are in this way like wise men who keep one side of their life for play and another for work, and can be brilliant and chattering and transparent when they are at ease, and take deep counsel on the other side when they set themselves to the main purpose.

JOHN RUSKIN.



FOREVER, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven. — Ps. cxix. 89.

THEN, fainting soul, arise and sing;  
Mount, but be sober on the wing.  
Mount up, for heaven is won by prayer;  
Be sober, for thou art not there.  
Till death the weary spirit free,  
Thy God hath said, "'T is good for thee  
To walk by faith and not by sight."  
Take it on trust a little while;  
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right  
In the full sunshine of His smile.

JOHN KEBLE.

AMID the discords of this life it is blessed to think of heaven, where God draws after Him an everlasting train of music; for all thoughts are harmonious and all feelings vocal, and so there is round His feet eternal melody.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

May 30.

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DECORATION DAY.

NEITHER count I my life dear unto myself. —  
ACTS xx. 24.

FOR never land long lease of empire won  
Whose sons sate silent when base deeds were done.  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

O BEAUTIFUL! my Country! ours once more;  
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair,  
O'er such sweet brows as ne'er another wore,  
And letting thy set lips,  
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,  
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare.  
What words divine of lover or of poet  
Could tell our love and make thee know it,  
Among the nations bright beyond compare?  
What were our lives without thee?  
What all our lives to save thee?  
We reckon not what we gave thee;  
We will not dare to doubt thee,  
But ask whatever else and we will dare!

IBID.

AH, young heroes, safe in immortal youth as  
those of Homer, you at least carried your ideal  
hence untarnished! It is locked for you beyond  
moth or rust in the treasure chamber of Death.

IBID.

LOOKING for that blessed hope. — TITUS ii. 12.

YET take Thy way, for sure Thy way is best ;  
Stretch or contract me, Thy poor debtor ;  
This is but tuning of my breast  
To make the music better.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,  
Thy hands made both, and I am there ;  
Thy power and love, my love and trust,  
Make one place everywhere.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THEN stay not there, but go up higher. If we have renounced the comforts of this world for God, let us add this : Renounce even spiritual comforts for Him too. Put all in His will. If I be in light, blessed be Thou ; and if in darkness, even then blessed be Thou too !

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

## June 1.

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FOR all that is in the heaven and in the earth  
is Thine. — I CHRON. XXIX. 11.

ALL we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall  
exist ;  
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor  
power  
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the  
melodist  
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.  
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too  
hard,  
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the  
sky  
Are music sent up to God by the lover and by the bard;  
Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it by  
and by.

ROBERT BROWNING.

IF a man cannot be great, he can yet be good  
in will. And what he with his whole heart and  
mind, love and desire, wills to be, that without  
doubt he most truly is. It is little we can bring  
to pass, but our will and desire may be large.  
Nay, they may grow till they lose themselves in  
the infinite abyss of God.

JOHN TAULER.

June 2.

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FOR I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ ; which is far better. — PHIL. i. 23.

WHO would desire to spend the following day  
Amongst the extinguished lamps, the faded wreaths,  
The dust and desolation left behind ?

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THERE entertain him all the saints above  
In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.

JOHN MILTON.

WHEN the day is done, when the work of a life is finished, when the gold of evening meets the dusk of night, beneath the silent stars the tired laborer should fall asleep.

INGERSOLL.

June 3.

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THAT all may learn, and all may be comforted.  
— 1 COR. xiv. 31.

No, my soul, be no more sorry ;  
Look unto that life of glory  
Which the grace of faith regardeth,  
And the tears of love rewardeth ;  
Where the soul the comfort getteth  
That the angels' music setteth.

NICHOLAS BUXTON.

GOD never makes us feel our weakness except  
to lead us to seek strength from Him.

FENELON.

THE sad, discouraged Christian, who feels his  
shortcomings and the degeneracy of the times  
in which he lives so overwhelmingly as to take  
away his peace and joy, needs to get out into  
God's pure air on some errand of mercy.

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

## June 4.

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FOR thou hast made him a little lower than  
the angels, and crowned him with glory and  
honor. — Ps. viii. 5.

BUT it exceeds man's thought to think how high  
God hath raised man, since God a man became ;  
The angels do admire this mystery,  
And are astonished when they view the same.

Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,  
Nor made them on the body's life depend.  
The soul, though made in time, survives for age ;  
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

IF we were all one here upon earth, there would  
be great peace ; but God makes it otherwise,  
and suffers this world to be so strangely en-  
tangled and confused, that we may long and  
sigh for the future Fatherland, and be weary of  
this toilsome life.

MARTIN LUTHER.

June 5.

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CHRIST is all and in all. — COL. iii. 11.

WE feel we are nothing, — for all is Thou and in Thee ;  
We feel we are something, — *that* also has come from  
Thee ;

We know we are nothing, — but Thou wilt help us  
to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

AND now we ask, Has Jesus been outgrown?  
In these eighteen centuries has he been left  
behind, in any one particular, by the advancing  
race of man? Is He not still our leader, chief,  
and friend, — the best friend we have, — our  
brother, teacher, and master? Without Him  
and His religion, what satisfaction is there in  
life, what hope in death, what comfort in sor-  
row, what strength in our weakness, what light  
in our darkness?

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

THE true strength of every human soul is to  
be dependent on as many nobler as it can dis-  
cern, and to be depended upon by as many  
inferior as it can reach.

JOHN RUSKIN.



June 6.

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I HAVE loved thee with an everlasting love. —  
JER. xxxi. 3.

AND he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be  
Shut out from Love, and on his threshold lie  
Howling in utter darkness. Nor for this  
Was common clay made from the common earth  
Moulded by God, and tempered with the tears  
Of angels to the perfect shape of man.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

FAITH at most but makes a hero, but love  
makes a saint ; faith can but put us above the  
world, but love brings us under God's throne ;  
faith can but make us sober, but love makes us  
happy.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

June 7.

---

HE that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much. — LUKE xvi. 10.

FOR all behind the starry sky,  
Behind the world so broad,  
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie  
The Infinite of God.

If true to men, though troubled sore,  
I cannot choose but be,  
Thou, who art peace forevermore,  
Art very true to me.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

AND accordingly there never has been a great and beautiful character which has not become so by filling well the ordinary and smaller offices appointed of God.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

June 8.

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NOT laying again the foundation of repentance  
from dead works, and of faith toward God.—

HEB. vi. 1

To me remains nor place nor time,  
My country is in every clime ;  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none ;  
But, with a God to guide our way,  
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

MADAME GUYON.

A MAN does not receive the statements that  
“two and two make four,” and that “the pure  
in heart shall see God,” on the same terms.  
The one can be proved to him with four grains  
of corn ; he can never arrive at a belief in the  
other till he realizes it in the intimate persuasion  
of his whole being.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LET this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. — PHIL. ii. 5.

LIFE loveth life and good ; then trust  
What most the spirit would, it must ;  
Deep wishes in the heart that be,  
Are blossoms of necessity.

A thread of law runs through thy prayer,  
Stronger than iron castles are ;  
And love and longing toward her goal  
Are pilots sweet to guide the soul.

DAVID A. WASSON.

THE woman-born, who called Himself the chief bearer of burdens, — was it not in virtue of nearness to Him that the call to bear burdens for others, unthanked and unnoticed, comes so often? Is there anything really greater? Is it not being called to sit in the highest room, nearest to the Giver of the feast?

*A Doubting Heart.*

June 10.

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FOLLOW righteousness, faith, charity, peace. —  
2 TIM. ii. 22.

WHO for such burden may suffice ?  
Who bear to think how scornful tone,  
Or word or glance too bold,  
Or ill dream told,  
May bar from Paradise  
The Master's own ?

*Lyra Innocentium.*

DO not be fond of criticising others, and do not resent their criticisms of you. Everything has two handles,—one by which it may be borne, the other by which it cannot. If your brother be unjust, do not take up the matter by that handle,—the handle of his injustice,—for that handle is the one by which it cannot be taken up ; but rather by the handle that he is your brother and brought up with you, and then you will be taking it up as it can be borne.

EPICETUS.

LIKE as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. — Ps. ciii. 13.

OH, deem not they are blest alone  
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;  
For God, who pities man, hath shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
The eyes that now are dimmed with tears,  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are earnest of serener years.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE walls that lie across our paths, the circumstances that hem us in, are part of a Divine plan which stretches through boundless time. Faith shall be more than justified when, beyond these shadows, we stand in the light. We shall know in that day that every calamity that swept away life or happiness, every blow that smote the heart and emptied the life, was love's messenger.

GEORGE S. MERRIAM.

June 12.

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BE strong and quit yourselves like men. —  
I SAM. iv. 9.

BETTER to love in loneliness than to bask in love all  
day ;  
Better the fountain in the heart than the fountain by the  
way.

Better a death when work is done than earth's most  
favored birth ;  
Better a child in God's great home than the king of all  
the earth.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

WE become men, not after we have been disappointed in the chase of false pleasure, but after we have ascertained in any way what impassable barriers hem us in through this life ; how mad it is to hope for contentment from the gifts of this extremely finite world ; that a man must be sufficient for himself ; and that for suffering and enduring there is no remedy but striving and doing.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

June 13.

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LET this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. — PHIL. ii. 5.

A MYRIAD worlds encompass ours,  
A myriad souls our souls enclose ;  
And each, its sins and woes and powers,  
The Lord He sees, the Lord He knows,  
And from the infinite knowledge flows  
The infinite pity's fadeless rose.

Lighten our darkness, Lord most wise ;  
All seeing One, give us to see !  
Our judgments are profanities,  
Our ignorance is cruelty ;  
While Thou, knowing all, dost not despise  
To pardon even such things as we.

“THE greatest thing,” says some one, “a man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of His other children.” I wonder how it is that we are not all kinder than we are. How much the world needs it ! How easily it is done ! How instantaneously it acts ! How infallibly it is remembered ! How superabundantly it pays itself back, — for there is no debtor in the world so honorable, so superbly honorable, as Love.

HENRY DRUMMOND.



## June 14.

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THE beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him ; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long. — DEUT. xxxiii. 12.

THOUGH to-day may not fulfil  
All thy hopes, have patience still ;  
For perchance to-morrow's sun  
Sees thy happier days begun.  
As God willeth march the hours,  
Bringing joy at last in showers,  
And whate'er we asked is ours.

I will meet distress and pain ;  
I will greet e'en death's dark reign ;  
I will lay me in the grave  
With a heart still glad and brave.  
Whom the Strongest doth defend,  
Whom the Highest counts His friend,  
Cannot perish in the end.

PAUL GERHARDT.

WHAT is it that changes us ? Well, it won't do to say the Holy Spirit indwelling. That would sound like cant at this day. But the old fellows that used to say that, had some glimpses of the truth. They knew that it is the still small voice that the soul heeds ; not the deafening blasts of doom.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

June 15.

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I AM the way, the truth, and the life. — JOHN  
xiv. 6.

HE is a path, if any be misled ;  
He is a robe, if any naked be ;  
If any chance to hunger, he is bread ;  
If any be a bondman, he is free ;  
If any be but weak, how strong is He ?  
To dead men life he is, to sick men health,  
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth, —  
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

GILES FLETCHER.

WALK in the straight path to the immortal and  
only King of the universe. For He is one, self-  
proceeding. From Him all things come ; His  
power is in all. No mortal sees Him ; but He  
sees all.

ORPHEUS.

*Tr. by* SAINT CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

ANYTHING which makes religion its second  
object makes religion *no* object. God will put  
up with a great many things in the human heart,  
but there is one thing He will not put up with  
in it, — a second place. He who offers God a  
second place, offers him *no* place.

JOHN RUSKIN.

June 16.

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GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. — JOHN xv. 13.

AH, my deare Lord ! what couldst thou spye  
In this impure, rebellious clay,  
That made Thee thus resolve to dye  
For those that kill Thee every day ?

Oh, what strange wonders could Thee move  
To slight thy precious bloud and breath ?  
Sure it was love, my Lord ; for love  
Is only stronger far than death !

HENRY VAUGHAN.

CHRISTIANITY has no more precious possession than the memory of Jesus during the week when He stood face to face with death. Unspeakably great as He always was, it may be reverently said that He was never so great as during those days of direst calamity. He triumphed over His sufferings not by the cold severity of a stoic, but by self-forgetting love.

JAMES STALKER.

June 17.

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WHATSOEVER thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest. — ECCLESIASTES ix. 10.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner !  
Christian, God speed thee !  
Let loose the rudder bands,  
Good angels lead thee !  
Set thy sails warily,  
Tempests will come ;  
Steer thy course steadily ;  
Christian, steer home !

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

A CONSIDERATION of petty circumstances  
is the tomb of great things.

VOLTAIRE.

WHOSO hath nobly yielded to necessity, I hold  
him wise, and he knoweth the things of God.

EURIPIDES.

June 18.

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LET us go on unto perfection, not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works and of faith toward God. — HEB. vi. 1.

WHAT is left for us, save, in growth  
Of soul, to rise up, far past both,  
From the gift looking to the giver  
And from the cistern to the river,  
And from the finite to infinity,  
And from man's dust to God's divinity?

ROBERT BROWNING.

BE sure that God has so much more for the soul as it goes on, becoming richer and richer ; that every new relationship of the soul with God is not merely a sign of thankfulness for that which is passed, but a new opening of our nature, into which God shall pour more and more of Himself. In each new consecration some new gift becomes possible, and for that new gift some new consecration becomes necessary, and in that new consecration comes some new gift. So the soul goes on entering into God, and receiving God unto Himself.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

June 19.

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BE not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God : for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth : therefore let thy words be few. — ECCLESIASTES v. 2.

THE deeds we do, the words we say,  
Into still air they seem to fleet ;  
We count them ever past ;  
But they shall last :  
In the dread judgment they  
And we shall meet.

*Lyra Innocentium.*

KNOWLEDGE puffeth up, charity buildeth up ; one makes a balloon of us, the other a temple. And as the one, lighter than the wind, is driven loose in its aerial voyage to be frozen in the airy heights of speculation, or drifted into the sea to be drowned in the waters of ignorance, so the other, grounded on a rock, rises into solid majesty, proportionate, enduring, strong.

HORACE BUSHNELL

June 20.

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WHEREFORE also we pray always for you, that our God would count you worthy of this calling, and fulfil all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power. — 2 THESS. i. 11.

PILGRIM, burthened with thy sin,  
Come the way to Zion's gate;  
There, till Mercy let thee in,  
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.  
Knock, — He knows the sinner's cry;  
Weep, — He loves the mourner's tears;  
Watch, — for saving grace is nigh;  
Wait, — till heavenly light appears.

GEORGE CRABBE.

THUS the "golden calf of self-love," however curiously carved, was not their Deity, but the Invisible Goodness, which alone is man's reasonable service. This feeling was as a celestial fountain, whose streams refreshed with gladness and beauty all the provinces of their otherwise too desolate existence.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE time is short. — 1 COR. vii. 29.

WHERE art thou, beloved To-morrow?  
When young and old, and strong and weak,  
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,  
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,  
In thy place — ah! well-a-day!  
We find the thing we fled, — To-day.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

YET in the distribution of our time God seems to be strait-handed, and gives it to us, not as Nature gives us rivers, enough to drown us, but drop by drop, minute after minute, so that we never can have two minutes together, but he takes away one when he gives us another. This should teach us to value our time, since God so values it, and by his so small distribution of it, tells us that it is the most precious thing we have.

JEREMY TAYLOR.



BUT speaking the truth in love, may grow up into Him in all things, which is the head, even Christ. — EPH. iv. 15.

SING, pray, and swerve not from His ways,  
But do thine own part faithfully ;  
Trust His rich promises of grace,  
So shall they be fulfilled in thee.  
God never yet forsook at need  
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

W. KENMARCK.

DUTY done is the soul's fireside.

ROBERT BROWNING.

AND since she knew now by experience that truth did not rankle like mistakes or misunderstandings, she determined that she would act on this knowledge, and tell the whole truth, however hard it might be to speak it, when an occasion came.

*A Doubting Heart.*

June 23.

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THE angel of the Lord encampeth round  
about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.  
— Ps. xxxiv. 7.

THOUGH mortal love forget to flow,  
Though mortal faith grow cold and die,  
Thy love is called Eternity;  
Thy truth is morning's orient glow,  
And wide as space shall ever grow.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

WHEREVER thou art, thou canst, through  
God's incomprehensible mercy, in a moment  
bring thyself into the midst of God's holy Church  
invisible, and receive secretly that aid the very  
thought of which is a present sensible blessing.  
Art thou afflicted? thou canst pray. Art thou  
merry? thou canst sing psalms. Art thou lonely,  
does the day run heavily? fall on thy knees, and  
thy thoughts are at once relieved by the idea  
and by the reality of thy unseen companions. Art  
thou tempted to sin? think steadily of those  
who perchance witness thy doings from God's  
secret dwelling-place. Hast thou lost friends?  
realize them by faith. Art thou slandered? thou  
hast the praise of angels. Art thou under trial?  
thou hast their sympathy.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

BEHOLD, the Lord's hand is not shortened,  
that it cannot save ; neither His ear heavy, that  
it cannot hear. — ISA. lix. 1.

BELIEVE and trust ; through stars and suns,  
Through life and death, through soul and sense,  
His wise, paternal purpose runs ;  
The darkness of His providence  
Is star-lit with benign intents.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THERE remains that which is peculiar to the  
good man, to be pleased and content with what  
happens and with the thread that is spun for him,  
and not to defile the divinity that is planted in  
his breast, nor disturb it by a crowd of images.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

June 25.

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BEHOLD, I come quickly ; and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be. — REV. xxii. 12.

FOR life seems so little when life is past,  
And the memories of sorrow fleet so fast,  
And the woes which were bitter to you and to me  
Shall vanish as raindrops which fall in the sea ;  
And all that has hurt us shall be made good,  
And the puzzles which hindered be understood,  
And the long, hard march through the wilderness bare  
Seem but a day's journey when once we are there.

IT takes many phases and alternations of work and holiday, week-day and Sabbath, sad and bright, calm and intense, to make a single living. Perhaps we must leave the true life to God, who overlooks and moves through the whole, and be blessedly content ourselves to be but particles, sun-drawn into His heaven in rapturous mist, set in his cloud and shining with his glory for a token, or dropping down into his deep in rain. And the rising and falling shall be the eternal demand and giving again which is the play of the Divine will in the human condition, the rendering of every tribute in its due order, and He shall see that all is good.

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

June 26.

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It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows. — Ps. cxxvii. 2.

THOUGH then thou wakest when others rest,  
Though rising thou preventest the sun;  
Though with lean care thou daily feast,  
Thy labor 's lost, and thou undone.  
But God His child will feed and keep,  
And draw the curtains to his sleep.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

WE cannot bring the heavenly powers to us, but if we will only choose our jobs in directions in which they travel, they will undertake them with the greatest pleasure. It is a peremptory rule with them that they never go out of their road. We are dapper little busybodies, and run this way and that superserviceably; but they swerve not from their foreordained paths, — neither the sun, nor the moon, nor a bubble of air, nor a mote of dust.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

June 27.

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INASMUCH as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. — MATT. xxv. 40.

THY work undone, I take as though  
Wrought to completion; and the strain  
That throbs unsung within thy brain  
I hear in all its overflow,  
And know, as thou canst never know,  
The silent music born of pain.

And insomuch as thou hast brought  
Thy draught of water deemed so small;  
And insomuch as at My call  
Thou didst the work thou hadst not sought, —  
As double deeds, wrought and unwrought,  
I, needing none, accept them all.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another: so said Ben Azai.

GEORGE ELIOT.

BE girded and strong to-day for thy ministry to others!

JOHN RUSKIN.

June 28.

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WE have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities : but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. — HEB. iv. 15.

It fortifies my soul to know  
That, though I perish, Truth is so ;  
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,  
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.  
I steadier step if I recall  
That if I slip Thou dost not fall.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

AS no two faces, so no two souls are absolutely alike. The Creator exhibits His inexhaustible resources in moulding an unnumbered series of individuals after a general type, without making any one of them the exact counterpart of another.

CANON LIDDON.

June 29.

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AND as we have borne the image of the earthy,  
we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. —  
1 COR. xv. 49.

LET there be thistles, — there are grapes ;  
If old things, there are new ;  
Ten thousand broken lights and shapes,  
Yet glimpses of the true.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

IT is the specialty of man that his nature is an unsounded deep. A handful of acorns covers a mountain-side with forest, — a sufficient mystery when we think of it, — but there it ends in simple immense reproduction. But man, being made in the image of God, is stored with endless capacities ; for he has a long journey before him down the endless ages, and new powers will be needed, — fresh wings as he mounts into higher atmospheres.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.



As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you. — ISA. lxvi. 13.

IN a mother undefiled  
Prayer goeth as in sleep, as full  
And pauseless as the pulses do.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

AND wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot, but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than if ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were homeless.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Do not suppose that I wish to deceive women into the idea that whenever they pass they will tread upon herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depth of roses! So surely as they believe that, they will have, instead, to walk on bitter herbs and thorns. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers, but they rise *behind* her feet, not before them.

IBID.

## July 1.

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THOUGH He be not far from every one of  
us. — ACTS xvii. 27.

THE work which we count so hard to do,  
He makes it easy, for He works too ;  
The days that are long to live are His,  
A bit of His bright eternities,  
And close to our need His helping is.

O eyes that were holden and blinded quite,  
And caught no glimpse of the guiding light !  
O deaf, deaf ears which did not hear  
The heavenly garment trailing near !  
O faithless heart, which dared to fear !

WHEN did you ever do a good thing with that  
pure, sweet, clear, strong, and open confidence  
with which they must do holy things who do  
them in angelic freedom on the open plains of  
heaven, where from bright horizon to horizon  
there is nothing but safety and God ?

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

## July 2.

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HEAVINESS may endure for a night, but joy  
cometh in the morning. — PSALTER xxx. 5.

MAN's life is but a working day,  
Whose tasks are set aright ;  
A time to work, a time to play,  
And then a quiet night.

And then, please God, a quiet night  
Where palms are green and robes are white,  
A long-drawn breath, a balm for sorrow,  
And all things lovely on the morrow.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

O ELOQUENT, just, and mightie Death ! whom  
none could advise, thou hast persuaded ; what  
none hath dared, thou hast done ; and whom all  
the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out  
of the world and despised : thou hast drawn to-  
gether all the farre stretched greatness, all the  
pride, crueltie, and ambition of man, and covered  
it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic  
jacet.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

### July 3.

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AND so, after he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise. — HEB. vi. 15.

ONE rest alone is possible, yet not  
The rest of indolent slumber in the grave !  
True rest is the calm energy of Mind,  
Which in the world, yet high above the world  
Hovering serene, all evil holds in chains.  
The all-pervading Power that ceaselessly  
Its boundless work continues in profound  
Primeval stillness, — wilt thou to that power  
Deny repose, tranquillity, and bliss ?  
To God ? — And God's rest is not in the grave !  
I must go through the grave to come to Him :  
God is no better thing than thou — canst be.

*The Layman's Breviary.*

OH, simple soul, is it not the law of thy being to endure since thou camest to Christ? Why camest thou but to endure? Why didst thou take His heavenly feast, but that it might work in thee? Understand thy place in God's kingdom, and rejoice, not complain, that in thy day thou hast thy lot with prophets and apostles.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

## July 4.

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WHO is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?—EX. xv. 11.

FOR the victory of battle standeth not in the multitude of an host, but strength cometh from heaven. — MACCABEES iii. 19.

O THOU, that sendest out the man  
To rule by land and sea,  
Strong mother of a lion-line,  
Be proud of these strong sons of thine  
Who wrenched their rights from thee!

What wonder if in noble heat  
Those men thine arms withstood,  
Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught,  
And in thy spirit with thee fought, —  
Who sprang from English blood.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

POSTERITY! you will never know how much it cost the present generation to preserve your freedom! I hope you will make a good use of it. If you do not, I shall repent it in heaven that I ever took half the pains to preserve it.

JOHN ADAMS.

July 5.

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THIS honor have all His saints. — Ps. cxlix. 9.

GOD's saints are shining lights : who stays  
Here long, must passe  
O'er dark hills, swift streams, and steep ways  
As smooth as glasse ;  
But there all night,  
Like candles, shed  
Their beams, and light  
Us into bed.

They are indeed our pillar-fires,  
Seen as we go ;  
They are that citie's shining spires  
We travel to.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE blessed work of helping the world forward  
happily does not wait to be done by perfect men.

GEORGE ELIOT.

July 6.

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AND he said unto him, Well, thou good and faithful servant : because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities.  
— LUKE xix. 17.

THE smallest thing thou canst accomplish well ;  
The smallest, ill. 'T is only little things  
Make up the present day, make up all days,  
Make up thy life. Do thou not therefore wait,  
Keeping thy wisdom and thy honesty  
Till great things come with trumpet heraldings.

*The Layman's Breviary.*

THERE are people who would do great acts ;  
but because they wait for great opportunities life  
passes, and the acts of love are not done at all.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

TREAD cheerfully every day the path in which  
Providence leads ; seek nothing, be discouraged  
by nothing, see duty in the present moment, trust  
all without reserve to the will and power of God.

FÉNELON.

July 7.

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AND the Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men. — 1 THESS. iii. 12.

Do the work that's nearest,  
Though it's dull at whiles,  
Helping when we meet them  
Lame dogs over stiles;  
See in every hedgerow  
Marks of angels' feet,  
Epics in each pebble  
Underneath our feet.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

AS ships meet at sea, — a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away upon the deep, — so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and if he needs, giving him supplies.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.



July 8.

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OF whom the world was not worthy. — HEB.  
xi. 38.

WHERE'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BUT bright thoughts, clear deeds, constancy,  
fidelity, beauty, and generous honesty are the  
gems of noble minds.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

## July 9.

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HIM that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out. — REV. iii. 12.

ONE sorrow more? I thought the tale complete.  
He bore amiss who grudges what he bore:  
Stretch out thy hands and urge thy feet to meet  
One sorrow more.

Bear up in anguish, ease will yet be sweet;  
Bear up all day, for night has rest in store:  
Christ bears thy burden with thee; rise and greet  
One sorrow more.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THERE comes a spring for every snow,  
For every death a life hereafter;  
And they whose tears have bitterest flow  
Shall fill their lips with sweetest laughter.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THITHER, to that divine elevation above momentary things, let the soul resort in faith; and the sorrowful clouds that shut it in are surmounted, and the everlasting sunshine reached. In frailty and in trembling we rest in an everlasting calm.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

DRAW nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you. — JAMES iv. 8.

So, Lord, our stubborn wills we first will break,  
    If Thou wilt take ;  
And next our selfishness, and then our pride —  
    And what beside ?  
Our hearts, Lord, poor and fruitless though they be,  
And quick to change, and nothing worth to see.  
  
If but the foldings of Thy garment's hem  
    Shall shadow them,  
These worthless leaves which we have brought and  
    strewed  
    Along Thy road  
Shall be raised up and made divinely sweet,  
And fit to lie beneath Thy gracious feet.

TO draw near to the one all-beautiful being,  
Christ ; to know Him as our spirits may know the  
Spirit ; to receive the breath of His infinitely  
loving life into mine, that I might breathe out  
that fragrance again into the lives around me, —  
this was the longing wish that, half hidden from  
myself, lay deep beneath all other desires of my  
soul.

LUCY LARCOM.

## July 11.

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It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. —  
LAM. iii. 26.

WAIT, and Love himself will bring  
The drooping flower of knowledge changed to fruit  
Of Wisdom. Wait: my faith is large in Time,  
And that which shapes it to some perfect end.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

TRUE love in no way excludes the idea of reward, but it leaves no place for the thought of it.

MADAME SWETCHINE.

THINK not that God will be always caressing His children, or shine on their heads or kindle their hearts as He does at first. He does so only to lure us to Himself, as the falconer lures the falcon with its gay hood. Our Lord works with His children so as to teach them afterwards to work themselves.

JOHN TAULER.

WATCH ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong. — 1 COR. xvi. 13.

I THEREFORE SO run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air. — 1 COR. ix. 26.

As true as God's own word is true  
Nor earth or hell with all their crew  
Against us shall prevail.  
A jest and byword are they grown;  
God is with us, we are his own,  
Our victory cannot fail.

*The Battle-Song of Gustavus Adolphus.*

THE man who gives his life for a principle has done more for his kind than he who discovers a new metal, or names a new gas; for the great motors of the race are moral not intellectual, and their force lies ready to the use of the poorest and the weakest of us all.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WE then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. — ROM. xv. 1.

THERE souls by nature pitched too high,  
By sufferings plunged too low,  
Meet in the church's middle sky  
Half-way 'twixt joy and woe,

To practise there the soothing lay  
That sorrow best relieves,  
Thankful for all God takes away,  
Humbled by all He gives.

JOHN KEBLE.

WE are all different in the amount and quality of the sympathy that we require. Some stand alone quite contentedly in joy and sorrow; others want to call together their friends and neighbors when the piece of silver is found, — "Rejoice with me" is their cry.

LUCY SMITH.

ONLY supporting supports.

## July 14.

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FOR the wages of sin is death ; but the gift of God is eternal life. — ROM. vi. 23.

OUR acts our angels are, or good or ill  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

AND so I think that the last lesson of life, the choral song which rises from all elements and all angels, is a voluntary obedience, a necessitated freedom. Man is made of the same atoms as the world is ; he shares the same impressions, predispositions, and destiny. When his mind is illuminated, when his heart is kind, he throws himself joyfully into the sublime order, and does by knowledge what the stones do by structure.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## July 15.

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WITH great mercies will I gather thee. — ISA.  
liv. 7.

WHEN winter fortunes cloud the brows  
Of summer friends, when eyes grow strange,  
When plighted faith forgets its vows,  
When earth and all things in it change, —  
O Lord, thy mercies fail me never ;  
When once Thou lovest, Thou lovest ever.

JOHN QUARLES.

WHEN the time comes for us to wake out of the dreams of the world's sleep, why should it be otherwise than out of the dreams of the night? Singing of birds, first broken and low, as not to "dying eyes," but to eyes that wake to life, "the casement slowly grows a glimmering square," and then the gray and then the rose of dawn ; and last the light, whose going forth is to the ends of heaven.

JOHN RUSKIN.



CASTING all your care upon Him ; for He  
careth for you. — 1 PETER v. 7.

O THOU God of old!  
Grant me some smaller grace than comes to these ;  
But so much patience as a blade of grass  
Grows by contented through the heat and cold.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BUT these cares are all in ourselves and of  
ourselves, and not in things at all, — things are  
not cares ; cares are only cravings of that im-  
mortal hunger which the swine's food of earthly  
things cannot satisfy.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

LOOKING for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. — TITUS iii. 13.

O BEAUTEOUS God ! uncircumscribed treasure  
Of an eternal pleasure !  
Thy throne is seated far  
Above the highest star,  
Where Thou preparest a glorious place  
Within the brightness of Thy face,  
For every spirit  
To inherit  
That builds his hopes upon Thy merit.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

WHEN I open the Gospels and read the words of Jesus, I find myself in sunshine. Light and warmth are united in his teachings inseparably. He makes goodness lovely, natural, simple, easy. He makes God seem near, and heaven close by, and life full of good opportunity, and every soul capable of goodness. He is my friend, my teacher, my brother ; and his thought seems to become a part of mine.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

THOU, O Lord, art a shield for me ; my glory,  
and the lifter up of mine head. — Ps. iii. 3.

I BRING my hymn of thankfulness  
To Thee, dear Lord, to-day ;  
Though not for joys Thy name I bless,  
And not for gifts I pray.  
The griefs that know not man's redress  
Before Thy feet I lay.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THE beginning of hardship is like a first taste  
of bitter food, — it seems for a moment unbear-  
able ; yet if there is nothing else to satisfy our  
hunger, we take another bite and find it possible  
to go on.

GEORGE ELIOT.

July 19.

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WHEREAS ye know not what shall be on the  
morrow. — JAMES iv. 14.

THE worldly hope men set their hearts upon  
Turns ashes, or it prospers; and anon,  
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,  
Lighting a little hour or two, is gone.

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears  
To-day of past regrets and future fears, —  
*To-morrow?* why, to-morrow I may be  
Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

PUT not off till to-morrow, for to-morrow ad-  
mits no fulfilment.

SAINT CHRYSOSTOM.

O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall  
all flesh come. — Ps. lxxv. 2. .

I do believe  
The very impotence to pray, is prayer ;  
The hope that all will end is in despair ;  
And while we grieve,  
Comfort abideth with us unaware.

ALICE CARY.

OH, let the soul alone ! Let it go to God as  
best it may ! It is entangled enough. It is  
hard enough for it to rise above the distractions  
which environ it. Let a man teach the rain  
how to fall, the clouds how to shape themselves  
and move their airy rounds, the seasons how to  
cherish and garner the universal abundance ;  
but let him not teach a soul to pray on whom  
the Holy Ghost doth brood.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

AND whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men. Knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ. — COL. iii. 23, 24.

AND would we aught behold, of higher worth,  
Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
To the poor, loveless, over-anxious crowd, —  
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth  
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
Enveloping the earth;  
And from the soul itself there must be sent  
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,  
Of all sweet sounds the joy and element.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

PERFECTION consists not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well. Neglect nothing; the most trivial action may be performed to God.

ANGELIQUE ARNAULD

July 22.

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THOU shalt also decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee : and the light shall shine upon thy ways. — JOB xxii. 29.

INNOCENCE, child beloved, is a guest from the world of  
the blessed,  
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily ; on life's roaring  
billows  
Swings she in safety, — she heedeth them not, in the  
ship she is sleeping.  
Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men.

*From the Swedish of* BISHOP TEGNER.

MAN is something greater than a cultivated intellect, even than an intellect cultivated by study of the highest objects that can be presented to it, — by study of the things of God. More than this is needed to constitute religion, which, if it be not merely a sentiment or passion, so certainly it is more than an intellectual effort, however serious be its purpose or sublime its goal.

CANON LIDDON.

WHAT a sublime doctrine it is that goodness cherished *now* is Eternal Life already entered upon !

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

July 23.

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HE shall give His angels charge concerning thee : and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. — MATT. iv. 6.

AND is there care in heaven ? And is there love  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base  
That may compassion of their evils move ?  
There is : — else much more wretched were the case  
Of men than beasts : But, oh ! exceeding grace  
Of Highest God that loves His creatures so,  
That blessed Angels He sends to and fro,  
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
To come to succour us that succour want !  
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
The flitting skyes like flying pursuivant,  
Against fowle feendes to aid us militant.  
They for us fight, they watch and slowly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;  
And all for love and nothing for reward :  
Oh, why should Heavenly God to men have such regard ?

EDMUND SPENSER.

IT is impossible for that man to despair who remembers that his Helper is omnipotent.

JEREMY TAYLOR.



THAT ye love one another. — JOHN xv. 17.

BRING tolerance that can kiss and disagree ;  
Bring virtue, honor, truth, and loyalty ;  
Bring faith that sees with undissembling eyes ;  
Bring all large loves and heavenly charities, —  
Till man seems less a riddle unto man,  
And fair Utopia less utopian.

SIDNEY LANIER.

THE joy of heaven is the joy of love. The key to it is in Christ, who for the joy that was set before Him endured all. Christ's was the joy of self-sacrifice, of loving, of saving, of giving up his life to another. But this is no joy save to those who love.

JAMES HINTON.

## July 25.

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BELOVED, let us love one another : for love is of God ; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. — 1 JOHN iv. 7.

AH, dreary life, whose gladsome spark  
No longer leaps in song and fire,  
But lies in ashes gray and stark,  
Defeated hopes and dead desire,  
Useless and dull and all bereft, —  
Take courage, this one thing is left :  
Some happier life may use thee so,  
Some flower bloom fairer on its tree,  
Some sweet or tender thing may grow  
To stronger life because of thee ;  
Content to play a humble part,  
Give of the ashes of thy heart,  
And haply God, whose dear decrees  
Taketh from those to give to these,  
Who draws the snowdrop from the snows,  
May from those ashes feed a rose.

AH ! be quick to love, make haste to be kind !

HENRI AMIEL.

LOVE is not a thing of enthusiastic emotion. It is a rich, strong, manly, vigorous expression of the whole round Christian character, — the Christ-like nature in its fullest development. To love abundantly is to live abundantly, and to love forever is to live forever.

HENRY DRUMMOND

## July 26.

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JESUS CHRIST the same yesterday, and to-day,  
and forever. — HEB. xiii. 8.

YEA, thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning,  
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed !  
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning ;  
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

FREDERICK W. MYERS.

BE sure that if we will, in God revealed in  
Christ the soul may slake the thirst of the ages ;  
and the dreariest, darkest, and most restless existence  
may find illumination and peace. With God,  
the human soul not merely interprets the secret  
of the universe ; it comprehends, and is at peace  
with itself : for God is the satisfaction of its  
thirst.

CANON LIDDON.

THERE is one Priest who never passes by on  
the other side. The longer I live, the more  
clearly I see how all souls are in His hand, —  
the mean and the great. Fallen on the earth  
in their baseness, or fading as the mist of morning  
in their goodness ; still in the hand of the  
potter as the clay, and in the temple of their  
Master as the cloud.

JOHN RUSKIN.

INASMUCH as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me. — MATT. xxv. 40.

BUT mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God Himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A MAN must not choose his neighbor, he must take the neighbor that God sends him. In him, whoever he be, lies hidden or revealed a beautiful brother. The neighbor is just the man who is next to you at the moment. This love of our neighbor is the only door out of the dungeon of self.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

July 28.

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I WILL love Thee, O Lord, my strength. — Ps.  
xviii. 1.

GOD, who registers the cup  
Of mere cold water for His sake  
To a disciple rendered up,  
Disdains not His own thirst to slake  
At the poorest love that ever was offered.  
And because my heart I proffered  
With true love trembling at the brim,  
He suffers me to follow Him.

ROBERT BROWNING.

GOD did not wish to live alone. He gave Himself to others, and rejoiced in seeing Himself reflected even partially by others. He listened with pleasure to the song of joy which filled His universe, and received and gave back in ceaseless reciprocation the offered love of the spirits He had made.

STOPFORD BROOKE.

July 29.

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RECEIVING the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls. — 1 PETER i. 9.

O FOOLS, said I, thus to prefer dark night  
Before true light !  
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day  
Because it shews the way, —  
The way which from this dead and dark abode  
Leads up to God ;  
A way where you might tread the sun, and be  
More bright than he.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

NOW a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech : " What a fool," quoth he, " am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon when I might as well walk at liberty ! I have a key in my bosom called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then said Hopeful, " That is good news : good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

JOHN BUNYAN.

July 30.

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IN the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. —  
ISA. xxvi. 4.

God liveth ever !  
Wherefore, Soul, despair thou never !  
What though thou treadest with bleeding feet  
A thorny path of grief and gloom,  
Thy God will choose the way most meet  
To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.  
For this life's long night of sadness  
He will give thee peace and gladness  
Soul, forget not in thy pains  
God o'er all forever reigns.

ZIBN.

**L**IVE for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come into contact with year after year. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

GODLINESS with contentment is great gain. —  
I TIM. vi. 6.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?

O sweet Content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?

O Punishment!

Dost laugh to see how fools are vexed

To add to golden numbers golden numbers?

O sweet Content! O sweet, O sweet Content!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?

O sweet Content!

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?

O Punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears

No burden bears, but is a king, a king.

O sweet Content! O sweet, O sweet Content!

THOMAS DEKKER.

THIS, then, is the sum of all. Circumstances are not in our power; virtues are. It is not in our power to avert the bitter failure which earth may inflict; it is in our power to win the high success which God bestows.

CANON FARRAR.



## August 1.

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BE sober, be vigilant. — 1 Peter v. 8.

NOR that he may not here  
Taste of the cheer  
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,  
So he must sip, and think  
Of better drink  
He may attain to after he is dead.

GEORGE HERBERT.

NOT only our good thoughts but our good purposes also are frittered asunder and dissipated by unseasonable speaking of them. Words, the strangest product of our nature, are also potent.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

## August 2.

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My grace is sufficient for thee : for my strength  
is made perfect in weakness. — 2 COR. xii. 9.

SICK or healthful, slave or free,  
Wealthy or despised and poor,  
What is that to him or thee,  
So his love for Christ endure ?  
When the shore is won at last,  
Who will count the billows past ?

Only, since our hearts will shrink  
At the touch of natural grief  
When our earthly loved ones sink,  
Lend us, Lord, thy sure relief ;  
Patient hearts their pain to see,  
And Thy grace, to follow Thee.

JOHN KEBLE.

THERE is in man a higher than love of happiness ; he can do without happiness, and in place thereof find blessedness.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

## August 3.

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GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. — Ps. xlv. 1.

THEN Sorrow whispered gently : " Take  
This burden up. Be not afraid.  
An hour is short. Thou scarce wilt wake  
To consciousness that I have laid  
My hand upon thee, when the hour  
Shall all have passed; and gladder then  
For the brief pain's uplifting power,  
Thou shalt but pity griefless men."

H. H.

O DEATH, thou dost not trouble my designs,  
thou accomplishest them! Haste then, O fa-  
vorable Death! *Nunc dimittis.*

BOSSUET.

THE passage from the natural world to the  
spiritual world is hermetically sealed on the  
natural side.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

## August 4.

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THE goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance. — ROM. ii 4.

IF thou hadst not  
    Been stern to me,  
    But left me free,  
I had forgot  
    Myself and thee.

For sin's so sweet  
    As minds ill bent  
    Rarely repent  
Until they meet  
    Their punishment.

BEN JONSON.

FROM these considerations, setting before our eyes our inexcusable unthankfulness in disobeying, and foolishness in provoking so powerful a God, there ariseth necessarily a pensive and corrosive desire that we had done otherwise; a desire which suffereth us to foreslow no time, to feel no quietness within ourselves, to take neither sleep nor food with contentment, never to give over supplications, confessions, and other penitent duties, till the light of God's reconciled favor shine in our darkened soul.

RICHARD HOOKER.

## August 5.

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WHOSO findeth me findeth life. — PROV. viii.  
35.

STRANGE, is it not, that of the myriads who  
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,  
Not one returns to tell us of the Road  
Which to discover we must travel too.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

THERE 's nae sorrow there, John ;  
There 's neither could nor care, John ;  
The day 's aye fair  
I' the land o' the leal.

CAROLINE OLIPHANT (BARONESS NAIRN).

ALL who come into the other life, be they  
who they may, are welcome guests, who meet a  
kind reception.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

HE who has stood beside the grave, to look  
back upon the companionship which has been  
forever closed, feeling how impotent are the  
wild love or the keen sorrow to give one in-  
stant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone  
in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for  
an hour of unkindness, will scarcely, for the  
future, incur that debt to the heart which can  
only be discharged to the dust.

JOHN RUSKIN.

August 6.

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FOR it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure. — PHIL. ii. 13.

FALL warm, fall fast, thou mellow rain !  
Thou rain of God, make fat the land ;  
That roots which parch in burning sand  
May bud to flower and fruit again.

Failure ? — while tide-floods rise and boil  
Round cape and isle, in port and cove,  
Resistless, star-led from above :  
What though one tiny wave recoil ?

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

LET our love be firm, constant, and inseparable, not coming and returning like the tide, but descending like a never-failing river, ever running into the ocean of Divine excellency, passing on in the channels of duty and a constant obedience, and never ceasing to be what it is till it comes to what it desires to be ; still being a river, till it be turned into sea and vastness, even the immensity of a blessed eternity.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

## August 7.

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THE night is far spent, the day is at hand : let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light. — ROM. xiii. 12.

STORM is not good ; but when storms pass,  
And clouds are fled, and airs grow mild,  
And waves plash softly one by one,  
And weary earth, her conflict o'er,  
Lies like a lovely sleeping child,  
We feel a joy unknown before  
In tree and flower and rain-washed grass,  
A new significance in sun.

Pain is not sweet ; but pain is best.  
His cold hand has the magic keys  
Which unlock treasures to our eyes  
Hidden in daily trivial things ;  
And common comfort, common ease,  
Respite from common sufferings,  
The morning's task, the evening's rest,  
Are to us riches past all price.

Life may be hard ; but when life ends,  
And all the hard things are gone by,  
And every ache has been relieved,  
And every tear is wiped away,  
And softly on the ravished eye  
Breaks the clear dawn of Heaven's day,  
Joy shall for grief make such amends  
That we shall wonder that we grieved.

**BELIEVE** in the Will that with a thought can turn the shadow of death into the morning.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

## August 8.

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THEY, which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience. — LUKE viii. 15.

MY heart is resting, O my God,  
I will give thanks and sing ;  
My heart is at the secret source  
Of every precious thing.  
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made  
No hand but Thine shall fill,  
For the waters of the earth have failed,  
And I am thirsty still.

Glory to thee for strength withheld,  
For want and weakness known,  
And the fear that sends me to Thy heart  
For what is most my own.  
I have a heritage of joy  
That yet I must not see ;  
But the hand that bled to make it mine  
Is keeping it for me.

ANNA L. WARING.

THE only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself much about was happiness enough to get his work done.

THOMAS CARLYLE.



## August 9.

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HE will keep the feet of his saints.— I SAM.  
ii. 9.

ANE by ane they gang awa' ;  
The gatherer gathers great and sma'.  
Ane by ane make ane and a'.

Aye when ane is ta'en frae ane,  
Ane on earth is left alane ;  
Twa in heaven are knit again.

When God's hairst is in or lang,  
Golden-heidit, ripe, and thrang,  
Syne begins a better sang.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE pilgrims had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river ; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they had safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

JOHN BUNYAN.

## August 10.

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HE hath shewed thee, O man, what is good ;  
and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to  
do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk  
humbly with thy God? — MICAH vi. 8.

ONLY the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

FOR the attraction of a man's character is  
apt to be outlived, like the attraction of his body ;  
and the power to love grows feeble in its turn,  
as well as the power to inspire love in others. It  
is only with a few rare natures that friendship is  
added to friendship, love to love, and the man  
keeps growing richer in affection, — richer, I  
mean, as a bank may be said to grow richer,  
both giving and receiving more, — after his head  
is white and his back weary, and he prepares  
to go down into the dust of death.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

August 11.

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GIVING thanks always for all things. — EPH.  
v. 20.

GOD doth not need  
Either man's works or His own gifts ; who best  
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state  
Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;  
They also serve who only stand and wait.

JOHN MILTON.

EVERYTHING harmonizes with me which is  
harmonious to thee, O Universe. Nothing for  
me is too early or too late which is in due time  
for thee. Everything is fruit to me which thy  
seasons bring. The poet says, "Dear city of  
Cecrops ;" and wilt not thou say, "Dear city  
of God" ?

MARCUS AURELIUS.

August 12.

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THE righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. — Ps. cxii. 6.

STRANGE glory streams through life's wild rents,  
And through the open gate of death  
We see the heaven that beckoneth  
To the beloved going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;  
The best fruit loads the broken bough,  
And in the wounds our sufferings plough  
Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE hand which hath long time held a violet  
doth not soon forego its fragrance.

THEOCRITUS.

THERE is nothing steadfast in life but our  
memories. We are sure of keeping intact only  
that which we have lost.

MADAME SWETCHINE.

## August 13.

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WITH Thee is the fountain of life : in Thy light shall we see light. — Ps. xxxvi. 9.

ONE source of being, Light, or Love, or Lord,  
Whose shadow is the brightness of the world,  
Still let Thy dawns and twilights glimmer pure  
In flow perpetual from hill to hill ;  
Still bathe us in Thy tides of day and night ;  
Wash me at will, a weed in Thy free wave,  
Drenched in the sun and air and surge of Thee.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

THE ennobling difference between one man and another — between one animal and another — is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, sensation might not be easily got for us ; if we were earthworms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But being human creatures, *it is* good for us ; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honor is precisely in proportion to our passion.

JOHN RUSKIN.

## August 14.

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YE have need of patience. — HEB. x. 36.

HEAVEN'S chimes are slow, but sure to strike at last ;  
Earth's sands are slow, but surely dropping through ;  
And much we have to suffer, much to do  
Before the time be past.

Chimes that keep time are neither slow nor fast ;  
Not many are the numbered sands, nor few ;  
A time to suffer and a time to do,  
And then the time is past.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

FOR this short empty pleasure which now  
thou choosest for My sake to decline shall be  
compensated with solid and everlasting joy in  
heaven. And there shall thy largest wishes be  
gratified. No opposition there, no obstruction,  
but everything shall conspire to fulfil all thy  
heart's desire, and render the happiness as  
exquisite as a finite nature is capable of. Thy  
present ignominy, borne with patience, shall  
there be paid with brighter glory, thy mourning  
weeds exchanged for robes of light and joy ;  
and he who sits here in the lowest place shall  
there be seated on an eternal throne.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

**August 15.**

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**FINALLY**, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report ; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. — **PHIL. iv. 8.**

**ELATE** our souls with boundless strength,  
Till loves are lost in Love at length,  
Our mortal lights grow far and dim,  
And love and loving merge in Him.

**ROSE TERRY COOKE.**

**EVERY** man's life, practically speaking, is shaped by his love. If it is a downward, earthly love, then his actions will be tinged by it ; all his life will be as his reigning love.

**HORACE BUSHNELL.**

## August 16.

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WE have received a commandment from the Father. — 2 JOHN 4.

WHEN God commands to take the trumpet  
And blow a dolorous or thrilling blast,  
It rests not in man's will what he shall do  
Or what he shall forbear.

JOHN MILTON.

HE has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear. If you have no faith in a beneficent power above you, but see only an adamant fate coiling its folds about Nature and man, then reflect that the best use of fate is to teach us courage. If you accept pure thoughts as inspirations from the Supreme Intelligence, obey them when they prescribe difficult duties, because they come only so long as they are used ; if you have no confidence in any foreign mind, then be brave, because there is one good opinion which must always be of importance to you, — namely, your own.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



## August 17.

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BLESSED are ye that sow beside all waters. —  
ISA. xxxii. 20.

ONLY a night from old to new ;  
Only a sleep from night to morn.  
The new is but the old come true ;  
Each sunrise sees a new year born.

H. H.

AND still, to the end of time, the clear waters of the unfailing springs, and the pasture-lilies in their clothed multitude, and the abiding of the burning peaks in their nearness to the opened heaven, shall be the types and the blessings of those who have chosen the light, and of whom it is written, "The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills righteousness."

JOHN RUSKIN.

August 18.

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FOR a little space. — EZRA ix. 8.

BEHOLD the house  
Is dark, but there is brightness where the sons  
Of God are singing; and behold, the heart  
Is troubled, yet the nations walk in white :  
They have forgotten how to weep ; and thou  
Shalt also come, and I will foster thee  
And satisfy thy soul ; and thou shalt warm  
Thy trembling life beneath the smile of God.  
A little while, — it is a little while, —  
A little while, and I will comfort thee.

JEAN INGELow.

I COULD not live in peace if I put the shadow  
of a wilful sin between myself and God.

GEORGE ELIOT.

August 19.

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FIGHT the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life. — 1 TIM. vi. 12.

UNFATHOMABLE Sea, whose waves are years !

Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe  
Are brackish with the salt of human tears !

Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow  
Claspest the limits of mortality, —

Who shall put forth on thee,

Unfathomable Sea ?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

FOR a rare and lofty vision is it to behold Thy eternity, O Lord, unchangeably making things changeable, and therefore before them.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

WE make a fanciful distinction between eternity and time ; there is no real distinction. We are in eternity at this moment. That has begun to be with us which never began with God.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

August 20.

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NOT after the law of a carnal commandment,  
but after the power of an endless life. — HEB.  
vii. 16.

ENOUGH, if something from our hands have power  
To live, and act, and serve the present hour ;  
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,  
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent  
dower,  
We feel that we are greater than we know.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE greatest wealth you can ever get will be  
in yourself. Take your burdens and troubles  
and losses and wrongs, if come they must and  
will, knowing that God has girded you for better  
things than these. Oh, to live out such a life as  
God appoints, — how great a thing it is !

HORACE BUSHNELL.

## August 21.

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THY statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage. — Ps. cxix. 54.

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
My staff of faith to walk upon,  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,  
My bottle of salvation.  
My gown of glory, hope's true gage ;  
And thus I 'll take my pilgrimage.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

MAY it be our blessedness, as years go on, to add one grace to another, and advance upward step by step, neither neglecting the lower after attaining the higher, nor aiming at the higher before attaining to the lower ! The first grace is faith, the last is love ; first comes zeal, afterward comes loving-kindness ; first comes humiliation, then comes peace ; first comes diligence, then comes resignation. May we learn to mature all graces in us, — fearing and trembling, watching and repenting, because Christ is coming ; joyful, thankful, and careless of the future, because He is come.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

LET us go forth therefore unto Him without the camp, bearing His reproach. — HEB. xiii. 13.

BUT if, impatient, thou let slip thy cross,  
Thou wilt not find it in this world again,  
Nor in another ; here, and here alone,  
Is given thee to *suffer* for God's sake.  
In other worlds we shall more perfectly  
Serve Him and love Him, praise Him, work for Him,  
Grow near and nearer Him with all delight ;  
But there we shall not any more be called  
To suffer, which is our appointment here.

*The Disciples.*

SAINT CHRISTOPHER passing before the world and carrying the Christ-child through the stream, finds his strength becoming greater and firmer and richer by the burden on his shoulders.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

## August 23.

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BRING forth fruit with patience.— LUKE viii. 15.

OH, if thou wilt, and if such bliss might be,  
It were a cure for doubt, regret, delay.  
Let my lost pathway go — what aileth me ? —  
There is a better way.

Far better in its place the lowliest bird  
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,  
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word  
And sing His glory wrong.

JEAN INGELow.

IT is a vain thought to flee from the work that God appoints us, for the sake of finding a greater blessing to our own souls, as if we could choose for ourselves where we should find the fulness of the Divine Presence, instead of seeking it where alone it is to be found, in loving obedience.

GEORGE ELIOT.

## August 24.

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How shall they preach, except they be sent? —  
ROM. x. 15.

JUDGE not the preacher, for he is thy judge ;  
If thou mislike him, thou conceivest him not.  
God calleth preaching folly ; do not grudge  
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.  
The worst speak something good ; if all want sense,  
God takes a text and preacheth patience.

GEORGE HERBERT.

WE should regard the preacher, whatever his faults, as a man sent with a message to us, which it is a matter of life and death whether we hear or refuse, — as a man set in charge over many spirits in danger of ruin, with but an hour or two in the seven days to speak to them ; but thirty minutes at a time to get at the hearts of a thousand men, when, breathless and weary with the week's labor, they give him this interval of imperfect and languid hearing ; but thirty minutes to convince them of all their weaknesses, to shame them for all their sins, to warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of those doors where the Master Himself has stood and knocked, and none opened ; but thirty minutes to raise the dead in !

JOHN RUSKIN.



August 25.

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TEACH me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in  
a plain path. — Ps. xxvii. 11.

WE walk in sleep, and think we see ;  
Our little lives are clothed with dreams ;  
For that to us which substance seems  
Is shadow 'twixt our souls and Thee.

We are immortal now and here ;  
Chances and changes, night and day,  
Are landmarks in the eternal way ;  
Our fear is all we have to fear.

ALICE CARY.

WHAT science calls the uniformity of Nature, faith accepts as the fidelity of God. They are but the settled ways of His sole causation, the program of His everlasting work. When we speak of the unerring regularity of natural law, we do but attest His truth, which keeps the time-piece steady for us, and warns us how the shadows lie. He that framed these rules might have made others in their stead, and at any moment change them by a thought. But once He has announced them, an eternal word has gone forth and shall not be made void.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

## August 26.

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FINALLY, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another. — 1 PETER iii. 8.

BUT all the world's coarse thumb  
And finger failed to plumb,  
So passed in making up the main account  
All instincts immature,  
All purposes unsure,  
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's  
account, —

Thoughts hardly to be packed  
Into a narrow act ;  
Fancies that broke through language and escaped ;  
All I could never be,  
All men ignored in me, —  
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher  
shaped.

ROBERT BROWNING.

ALL experience is a corrective of life's delusions, — a modification, a reversal of the judgment of the senses ; and all life is a lesson on the falsehood of appearances.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

## August 27.

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WHEN I awake, I am still with Thee. — Ps.  
cxxxix. 18.

WHEN first thy eies unveil, give thy soul leave  
To do the like, our bodies but forerun  
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave  
Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the sun.  
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep  
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up. Prayer should  
Dawn with the day. There are set, awful hours  
'Twixt Heaven and us. The manna was not good  
After sun-rising ; far-day sullies flowres.  
Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,  
And heaven's gate opens when this world's is shut.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

LET the day have a blessed baptism by giving  
your first waking thoughts into the bosom  
of God. The first hour of the morning is the  
rudder of the day.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

August 28.

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ACCORDING to the eternal purpose. — EPH.  
iii. 11.

BRAVE quiet is the thing for thee ;  
Chiding thy scrupulous fears,  
Learn to be quiet from the thought  
Of the eternal years.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

GOODNESS doth not move by being, but  
by being apparent.

RICHARD HOOKER.

IN this training of constant change there is a marvellous tendency to drive us by faith in the unchangeable. Finite things can be discerned only against the background of the Infinite. The visible body that glides before the eye is as an island in the space that has no bounding shore. The passing event that marks the moment is but a point of contact where the curve of our being meets the tangent of eternity.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

August 29.

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HE being dead yet speaketh. — HEB. xi. 4.

TONGUES of the dead, not lost,  
But speaking from death's frost,  
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost !

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,  
Amid the chills and damps  
Of the vast plain where Death encamps.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

OH that grace may be given you to act wisely  
and thoughtfully ; that as each one reaches his  
earthly goal, and launches away into the untrod-  
den life of the Spirit, you may meet again in  
heavenly places, to keep up a virtuous fellowship  
forever !

THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY.

August 30.

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As the ministers of God, in much patience. —  
2 COR. vi. 4.

AND after all, if all were laid  
Into sure balances and weighed,  
Who knows if all the gain and get  
On which our human hearts are set  
Do more than mark the drought and dearth  
Through which this little dust of earth  
Must lie and wait in God's great hand,  
A patient bit of fallow land?

H. H.

LET us leave anxieties to God. Why need we bargain that our life should be a success, still less that it should be a success purchased by sacrifices and sufferings? This must be our motto: "We accept evils."

JAMES HINTON.

## August 31.

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I WOULD have you without carefulness. —  
1 COR. vii. 32.

SUM up at night what thou hast done by day,  
And in the morning what thou hast to do ;  
Dress and undress thy soul ; mark the decay  
And growth of it ; if with thy watch that too  
Be down, then wind up both ; since we shall be  
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

GEORGE HERBERT.

NOW, therefore, see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature ; and in order to do that, find out first what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it ; take pen and paper, and write down as accurate a description of yourself as you can, with the date to it. If you dare not do so, find out why you dare not. . . . I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at ; so always have two mirrors on your toilet-table, and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily. After the dressing is once over for the day, think no more of it. I don't want you to carry about a mental pocket-comb ; only to be smooth braided always in the morning.

JOHN RUSKIN.

## September 1.

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BLESSED are the dead which die in the Lord. —  
REV. xiv. 13.

WHATEVER any sorrow saith,  
No life that breathes with human breath  
Has ever truly longed for death.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PASS then through the little space of time  
conformably to Nature, and end the journey in  
content, just as an olive falls off when it is ripe,  
blessing Nature who produced it, and thanking  
the tree on which it grew.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

O GOD, we will trust Thee. Shall we not find  
Thee equal to our faith? One day we shall  
laugh ourselves to scorn that we looked for so  
little from Thee; for Thy giving will not be  
limited by our hoping.

GEORGE MACDONALD



## September 2.

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BEHOLD, I stand at the door, and knock. —  
REV. iii. 20.

LORD, what am I, that with unceasing care  
Thou didst seek after me, that Thou didst wait  
Wet with unhealthful dews before my gate,  
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there.  
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,  
    " Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see  
    How He persists to knock and wait for thee."  
And of how often to that voice of sorrow,  
    " To-morrow we will open," I replied;  
And when the morrow came, I answered still,  
    " To-morrow."

*From the Spanish of LOPE DE VEGA.*

AND how shall we think of that forgiveness of our sins for which we pray? It, too, is waiting for us, waiting with the infinite pathos with which a parent waits for his sinning child, knocking at our door, if we will but let it in. There is nothing complicated or mechanical or unnatural about the forgiveness of sin. There is only one thing that forbids it, — it is the locked door of our own hearts.

FRANCIS G. PEABODY.

## September 3.

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AND for an helmet, the hope of salvation. —  
I THESS. v. 8.

LET no misfortune ever master thee,  
For only strong endurance leads thee to  
The day of bliss. Whate'er can chance to man,  
*That* he has strength to meet; what he has strength for,  
That it behooveth him to bear, dear soul!

*A Layman's Breviary.*

ADD to this, that the rewards of heaven are so great and so glorious, and Christ's burden is so light, his yoke so easy, that it is a shameless impudence to expect so great glories at a less rate than so little a service, at a lower rate than a holy life. It cost the heart-blood of the Son of God to obtain heaven for us on that condition, and who shall die again to get heaven for us upon easier terms?

JEREMY TAYLOR.

## September 4.

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THE stars be not darkened. — ECCLES. xii. 2.

THE elders of the night, the steadfast stars,  
The old, old stars which God has let us see,  
That they might be our soul's auxiliars,  
And hold us to the truth how young we be.

JEAN INGELow.

GOD is thy refuge even from the wrongs of  
thine own judgment.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

ALL visible things are emblems ; what thou  
seest is not there on its own account ; strictly  
speaking, it is not there at all. Matter exists  
only spiritually, and to represent some idea  
and *body* it forth.

THOMAS CARLYLE

## September 5.

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DRAW nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you. — JAMES iv. 8.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour  
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make,  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,  
What parchèd grounds refresh, as with a shower !  
We kneel, and all things round us seem to lower ;  
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
Stand forth in sunny outline, brave and clear ;  
We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power !  
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,  
Or others, that we are not always strong,  
That we are ever overborne with care ?

That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,  
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee ?

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

COME then, my Christian brethren, let us advance boldly. Courage ! for Christ is with us ; He does not only lead us on, but will enable us to follow. Beloved, the King and Captain of our salvation marches at the head, ready to fight our battles.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

## September 6.

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WHICH hope we have as an anchor of the soul,  
sure and steadfast. — HEB. vi. 19.

OUR lives are dewdrops in Thy sun ;  
Thou breakest them, and lo ! we see  
A thousand gracious shapes of Thee, —  
A thousand shapes instead of one.

The soul that drifts all darkly dim  
Through floods that seem outside of grace,  
Is only surging toward the place  
Which Thou hast made and meant for him.

For this we hold, — ill could not be,  
Were there no power beyond the ill ;  
Our wills are held within Thy will ;  
The ends of goodness rest with Thee.

ALICE CARY.

GOD puts the excess of hope in one man in  
order that it may be a medicine to the man who  
is despondent.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

## September 7.

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My people shall dwell . . . in a peaceable habitation. — ISA. xxxii. 18.

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest ;  
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,  
For those who wander they know not where,  
Are full of trouble and full of care ;  
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,  
They wander east and wander west,  
And are baffled and beaten and blown about  
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt ;  
To stay at home is best.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SO far as home is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by household gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love ; and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light, — shade of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos to the stormy sea, — so far it vindicates the name and fulfils the praise of home, and wherever a true wife comes this home is always round her.

JOHN RUSKIN.

BUT the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. — JAMES iii. 17.

LOSE thyself, thyself to win ;  
Grow from without thee, not within ;  
Gather from earth and air and sea  
The pulseless peace they keep for thee.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

LIKE the beacon-lights in harbors, which, kindling a great blaze by means of a few fagots, afford sufficient aid to vessels which wander over the sea ; so, also, a man of bright character in a storm-tossed city, himself content with little, effects great blessings for his fellow citizens.

EPICTETUS.

## September 9.

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WHO through faith and patience inherit the promises. — HEB. vi. 12.

O THOU immortall light and heat !  
Whose hand so shines through all this frame  
That, by the beauty of the seat,  
We plainly see who made the same,  
Seeing Thy seed abides in me,  
Dwell Thou in it and I in Thee.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

IF then faith be the essence of a Christian life, it follows that our duty lies in risking upon Christ's word what we have for what we have not ; and doing so in a noble, generous way, not indeed rashly or lightly, not knowing what we give up, nor again what we shall gain ; uncertain about our reward, uncertain about our extent of sacrifice, but in all respects leaning, waiting upon Him, trusting in Him to fulfil His promise, trusting in Him to enable us to fulfil our vows ; and so in all respects proceeding without carefulness or anxieties about the future.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.



## September 10.

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FOR if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. — 1 THESS. iv. 14.

FAREWELL, sweet hope ! not long to last,  
All life is better for thy past.  
Farewell till love with sorrow meet  
To learn that tears are obsolete.

JEAN INGELOW.

STILL, still I feel Thee near, although so far,  
Like the soft star that glimmers in my room, —  
So far that I can never see Thee more,  
So near I in an hour may be with Thee.

*The Christian Seasons.*

YOU who have hope, need never seek to get rid of your sacred Sorrow. You may safely receive her a life-long inmate of your inmost heart. There she will dwell, suffering nothing low or worldly to dwell with her. Sorrow greatly, abidingly, consciously, thankfully, — you who have hope.

LUCY SMITH.

## September 11.

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THAT the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe. — GAL. iii. 22.

IF love, if love be love, if love be ours,  
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers,  
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute  
That by and by will make the music mute,  
And, ever widening, slowly silence all.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

AS the flower is gnawed by frost, so every human heart is gnawed by faithlessness. And as surely, as irrevocably, as the fruit-bud falls before the east-wind, so fails the power of the kindest human heart, if you meet it with poison.

JOHN RUSKIN.

BUT whoso keepeth His word, in him verily is the love of God perfected. — 1 JOHN ii. 5.

AND of the multitude  
No man but in his hand  
Holds some great gift misunderstood,  
Some treasure, for whose use or good  
His ignorance sees no demand.

These are the tokens lent  
By immortality,  
Birth-marks of our divine descent,  
Sureties of ultimate intent,  
God's gospel of eternity.

SAXE HOLM.

EVERY Christian is a stone in the vast temple. Some shine with dazzling brilliancy where every eye can see them, some are hidden away in corners where none can behold them ; but each one has his place, and adds to the strength and compactness of the vast and ever-increasing edifice. It rises higher and higher, it spreads wider and wider, until its foundations are as broad as the habitable globe, and its battlements pierce the stars, and heaven and earth, angels and men, dwell close together within its all-embracing walls.

JAMES DE KOVEN.

UNTO the upright there ariseth light in the darkness. — Ps. cxii. 4.

THE dark hath many dear avails,  
The dark distils divinest dews ;  
The dark is rich with nightingales,  
With dreams, and with the heavenly Muse.

Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,  
Complain thou not, my heart, for these  
Bank in the current of the will.

SIDNEY LANIER.

A SUPREME love, a motive that gives a sublime rhythm to a woman's life, and exalts habit into partnership with the world's highest needs, is not to be had where and how she wills ; to know that high initiation, she must often tread where it is hard to tread, and feel the chill air, and watch through darkness. It is not true that love makes all things easy ; it makes us choose what is difficult.

GEORGE ELIOT.

## September 14.

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HE that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? — PROV. xxiv. 12.

GOD speaks Himself to us as mothers speak  
To their own babes, upon the tender flesh  
With fond familiar touches close and dear ; —  
Because He cannot choose a softer way  
To make us feel that He Himself is near,  
And each apart His own beloved and known.

*The Disciples.*

THERE is a sacredness in individuality of character ; each one born into this world is a fresh new soul intended by his Maker to develop himself in a new fresh way. We are what we are ; we cannot be truly other than ourselves. We reach perfection, not by copying, much less by aiming at originality ; but by consistently and steadily working out the life which is common to us all, according to the character which God has given us. The life of God pervades each separate soul ; and just in proportion as that life becomes exalted, does it enable every one to shine forth in the distinctness of his own separate individuality, like the stars of heaven.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

## September 15.

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CAST not away therefore your confidence,  
which hath great recompense of reward. —  
HEB. x. 35.

IN heavenly love abiding,  
No change my heart shall fear ;  
And safe is such confiding,  
For nothing changes here.  
The storm may roar without me,  
My heart may low be laid,  
But God is round about me,  
And can I be dismayed ?

ANNA L. WARING.

HOW solemn is that sentence of Christ's :  
"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will  
draw all men unto me"! Not while He lived,  
not by His direct force, but only when pierced,  
broken, slain, buried, should His influence issue  
forth, and death should become the throne of  
His power. So will it be with us if we are  
Christ's. Paradoxes upon this truth lie all through  
the New Testament, and we may walk on them  
like stepping-stones from side to side, — sorrow  
is joy ; death is life ; down is up ; weakness is  
strength ; loss is gain ; defeat is victory.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

## September 16.

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Now, if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him. — ROM. vi. 8.

THERE entertain him all the saints above  
In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.

JOHN MILTON.

SLEEP is a death ; Oh, make me try  
By sleeping what it is to die,  
And as gently lay my head  
On my grave as now my bed.  
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me  
Awake again at last with Thee ;  
And thus assured, behold I lie  
Securely, or to wake or die.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

IF one with Christ, how can it be that we shall not share His destiny, and go from world to world in His company?

THEODORE T. MUNGER.

## September 17.

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THE Lord knoweth the thoughts of man. —  
PS. xciv. 11.

CLOTHE with life the weak intent,  
Let me be the thing I meant ;  
Let me find in Thy employ  
Peace that dearer is than joy.  
Out of self to love be led,  
And to heaven acclimated ;  
Until all things sweet and good  
Seem my natural habitude.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

OUR thoughts are the epochs of our lives ; all  
else is but a journal of the winds that blew while  
we were here.

HENRY D. THOREAU.



THE poor always ye have with you. — JOHN  
xii. 8.

LOVE seeketh not itself to please,  
Nor for itself hath any care,  
But for another gives its ease,  
And builds a heaven in hell's despair.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LEARN to measure with your pitiful thoughts the tortures of battle-fields ; the slowly consuming plagues of death in the starving children and wasted age of the innumerable desolate those battles left ; nay, in our own life of peace, the agony of unnurtured, untaught, unhelped creatures, awaking at the grave's edge to know how they should have lived ; those to whom the cradle was a curse, and for whom the words they cannot hear, "ashes to ashes," are all they have ever received of benediction. These, you who would fain have wept at His feet or stood at His cross, — these you have always with you.

JOHN RUSKIN.

ACQUAINT now thyself with Him, and be at peace. — JOB xxii. 21.

LORD, many times I am aweary quite  
Of mine own self, my sin, my vanity ;  
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,  
Weary of me.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

BUT let us not fear. The worlds He has made out of nothing, but man out of Himself. The one, accordingly, He has put under necessity ; the other He draws with cords of love. In the one His word is pledged and bound ; with the other His spirit is made free. Nature is only His fabric, and is not like Him. Man is His child, and is susceptible of His image.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

## September 20.

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I AM the way, the truth, and the life : no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. — JOHN xiv. 6.

THY truth is still the light  
Which guides the nations groping on their way,  
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
But hoping always for the perfect day.  
Yes, thou art still the Life ; thou art the Way  
The holiest know ; Light, Life and Way of Heaven !  
And those who dearest hope and deepest pray  
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou hast given.

THEODORE PARKER.

DO not so misread history that it shall seem to you when you try to do right as if you were the first man that ever tried it. Put yourself with your little weak struggle into the company of all the strugglers in all time. Recognize in your little fight against your avarice or your untruthfulness or your laziness, only one skirmish in that battle whose field covers the earth, and whose clamor rises and falls from age to age, but never wholly dies. In this world we must be conquerors or slaves. We know what it is to be the world's slaves ; but what it is to be its conquerors through Christ, that no man knows entirely.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

## September 21.

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I AM found of them that sought me not. —  
ISA. lxv. 1.

IN that hour  
From out my sullen heart a power  
Broke like the rainbow from the shower.

To feel, altho' no words can prove,  
That every cloud that spreads above  
And veileth love, itself is love.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

YOU will see the truth about the eternal life soon ; I do not think it is possible to live up to the highest point of duty and of happiness without this. I know one can go on doing one's duty thoroughly under clouds of doubt and even in complete unbelief ; there are many who do, and they are dear to God ; but the duty is done sadly and deadly, without the spring of life and joy that we are meant to have.

ANNIE KEARY.

## September 22.

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AT Thy word I will let down the net. — LUKE  
v. 5.

So still, dear Lord, in every place  
Thou standest by the toiling folk  
With love and pity in thy face,  
And givest of thy help and grace  
To those who meekly bear the yoke.

Not by strange sudden change and spell,  
Baffling and darkening Nature's face ;  
Thou takest the things we know so well  
And buildest on them thy miracle, —  
The heavenly on the commonplace.

THE ordinary will thus grow dignified and sacred in our sight ; and without discarding all invention in respect to our means and opportunities, we shall yet especially love the daily bread of a common grace in our common works and cares. And all the more that it was the taste of our blessed Master to make the ordinary glow with mercy and goodness.

HORACE BUSHNELL

FOR the vision is yet for an appointed time,  
but at the end it shall speak, and not lie : though  
it tarry, wait for it ; because it will surely come,  
it will not tarry. — HAB. ii. 3.

HE yet shall bring some worthy thing  
For waiting souls to see :  
Some sacred word that he hath heard,  
Their light and life shall be ;  
Some lofty part than which the heart  
· Adopt no nobler can,  
Thou shalt receive, thou shalt believe,  
And thou shalt do, O man !

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

ONCE, in the ardor of youth, there shone before me a golden star in heaven, and on the deep azure around it, *Ohne Hast, ohne Rast*, in letters of steady flame ; but now I see more frequently a plain little stone set up in the earth, with the inscription, " Rest, and be thankful."

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

## September 24.

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FOR ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. — ISA. lv. 12.

ALL around him Patmos lies  
Who hath Spirit-gifted eyes ;  
He need not afar remove,  
He need not the times reprove,  
Who would hold perpetual lease  
Of an isle in seas of peace.

EDITH THOMAS.

THUS wrought the angels gentleness upon Asabel, even as the quiet and silent water wins itself an entrance when tempest and fire pass over. It is written that other angels did look up with love and admiration at the visage of this angel on his return ; and he told the younger and more zealous of them, that whenever they would descend into the gloomy vortex of the human heart, under the softness and serenity of their voices and countenances its turbulence would subside. "Beloved," said the angel, "there are portals that open to the palm branches we carry, and that close to the flaming sword."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THAT by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us. — HEB. vi. 18.

OFT have I seen when that renewing breath  
That binds and loosens death,  
Inspired a quickening power through the dead  
Creatures abed,  
Some drowsy silk-worm creepe  
From that last sleepe,  
And in weak, infant hummings chime and knell  
About her silent cell,  
Until at last full with the vital ray  
She winged away.  
Shall I then think such providence will be  
Lesse friend to me ;  
Or that He can endure to be unjust  
Who keeps His covenant even with our dust ?

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THERE is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless, — his death-bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.

JOHN RUSKIN.



## September 26.

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I MUST work the works of Him that sent me while it is day : the night cometh, when no man can work. — JOHN ix. 4.

WHO cares for earthly bread though white ?  
Nay, heavenly sheaf of harvest corn !  
Who cares for earthly crown to-night ?  
Nay, heavenly crown to-morrow morn !  
I will not wander left or right,  
The straightest road is shortest too ;  
And since we hold all hope in view  
And triumph where is no more pain,  
To-night I bid good-night to you,  
And bid you meet me there again.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

BY every path where the children play,  
By every road where the beggars stray,  
By the church's door and the market-stall  
Let not one sun go down and say,  
"She hath not planted a flower to-day."

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

IF you will but find God's living gift within you and simply trust it when it presses into growth, there is not a waste place in your nature that shall not become habitable and even glorious with a wild beauty.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

## September 27.

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THE Lord looseth the prisoners. — Ps. cxlvi. 7.

HE who was King above  
Left His kingdom for a grave,  
Out of pity, out of love,  
That the guilty He might save ;  
Down to this sad world He flew  
For such little ones as you.

JANE TAYLOR.

STONE walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage ;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage.  
If I have freedom in my love  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

YOU are not to stand off doing something for Him that He is to examine and report upon when accepted by statute conditions ; you are to go after Him, and be with Him, and keep along in His train, feeding in His pasture and following where He leads. This is the liberty, the beautiful liberty, of Christ.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

## September 28.

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IN bondage under the elements of the world.  
— GAL. iv. 3.

I AM a little world, made cunningly  
Of elements and an angelic sprite.

DR. DONNE.

HE belonged to what Böehme calls the order of people whose natures are grounded in elemental fire. A hungry yearning for power, or it may be for love, possesses them, and they feed their desires by drawing other wills and hearts to theirs, and absorbing them so utterly that their victims become mere fuel without any individuality left.

The air temperament has its power of escape and revenge. Sometimes it blows on the fire and gets free ; and then it is very happy in its freedom, and heals itself marvellously, finding the whole universe open to air, and in fact boundless. To the earth spirit Böehme gives the highest possibilities of all. The noblest spirits are enclosed in the earth element during their sojourn in time ; but it is something of a prison to them ; they yearn upwards from it to God, and can only receive the good of life through love, divine or human. The air people poorly imitate the qualities of the fire type, but with them all is illusion. They hold shifting reflections and images in their hearts, which they enclose coldly and easily let go.

*A Doubting Heart.*

WITH Thee is the fountain of life. — Ps.  
xxxvi. 9.

'T IS life, whereof our nerves are scant,  
Oh, life, not death, for which we pant,  
More life, and fuller, that I want.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SHORT is the little that remains to thee of life.  
*Live as on a mountain*, for it makes no difference whether a man lives there or here. Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but it stands firm and tames the fury of the water round it.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

I NEED life, and I take it ; and no philosophy of matter or origin can pluck it out of my hand.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.

HE that believeth in Me, though he were dead,  
yet shall he live. — JOHN xi. 25.

DEATH is here and death is there,  
Death is busy everywhere ;  
All around, within, beneath,  
Above is death — and we are death.

First our pleasures die, and then  
Our hopes, and then our fears ; and when  
These are dead, the debt is due.  
Dust claims dust, and we die too.

All things that we love and cherish  
Like ourselves must fade and perish ;  
Such is our rude mortal lot,  
Love itself would, did they not.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

EVERY little bird that droops and dies in its  
nest falls as softly into God's hand as do His  
saints and martyrs.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

THE Resurrection of Christ is the guarantee  
of our own. The clouds which hung around  
the gate of death in earlier ages have rolled away  
since the day of our Saviour's triumph over  
death ; the presumptive speculations which were  
previously rife as to the future state have been  
exchanged for strong certainties.

CANON LIDDON.

HE will swallow up death in victory ; and the  
Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.  
— ISA. xxv. 8.

O DEATH, the fairest lands beyond thy sea  
Stand waiting, and thy barks are swift and stanch  
And ready. Why do we reluctant launch ?  
And when our friends their heritage have claimed  
Of thee, and entered on it, rich and free,  
Oh, why are we of sorrow not ashamed ?

H. H.

THERE all the happy souls that ever were  
Shall meet with gladness in one theatre ;  
And each shall know there one another's face  
By beatific virtues of the place.

BEN JONSON.

AH, why should we ever wear black for the  
guests of God ?

•JOHN RUSKIN.

AND the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads : they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. — ISA. XXXV. 10.

“ONE way remains ; the way of heaven doth always open lie.”

Doth open lie ? Oh, pilot word ! Let me remember aye,  
Though shore and sea afford no pass, there's yet a star-  
ward way !

EDITH THOMAS.

HOPE may fail and be no longer possible, but love cannot fail ; for hope is of men, but love is of the Lord. And there is but one thing which to Him is not possible, which is to forget ; and that even when the Father has hidden His face and help is forbidden, yet there goes He secretly and cannot forbear. . . . And throughout the firmament and among all the lords and princes of life, it was known that the impossible had become true, and the name of the Lord had proved enough, and love had conquered even despair.

M. O. W. OLIPHANT.

BUT rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. — 1 PETER iv. 13.

AND when God formed in the hollow of His hand  
This ball of Earth among His other balls,  
And set it in His shining firmament  
Between the greater and the lesser lights,  
He chose it for the Star of Suffering.

*The Disciples.*

WHEN we once realize that the Son of God, in taking humanity upon Himself, took something which He keeps still, and will not relinquish throughout eternity, we become alive to an awful consolation. "I took," said Luther, "for the emblem of my theology a seal on which I had engraven a cross with a heart in its centre. The cross is black, to indicate the sorrows, even unto death, through which the Christian must pass, but the heart preserves its natural color; for the cross does not extinguish nature, it does not kill, but gives life. *Justus fide vivet, sed fide crucifixi.* The heart is placed in the midst of a white rose, which signifies the peace, joy, and consolation that faith gives; but the rose is white and not red, because it is not the joy and peace of the world, but that of spirits."

*The Patience of Hope.*



AND ye shall know the truth, and the truth  
shall make you free. — JOHN viii. 32.

AND as we lose our wistful hold  
On warmth and loveliness and youth,  
And shudder at the dark and cold,  
Our souls cry out for Truth.

No more mirage, O Heavenly Powers,  
To mock our sight with shows so fair !  
We question of the silent hours  
Which lead us swiftly, " Where ? "

CELIA THAXTER.

FOR if the heart cannot have a truth, it will  
take a counterfeit of truth.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

## October 5.

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GOD, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.  
— I TIM. vi. 17.

THE morning hours are joyful fair,  
With call of bird and scent of dew ;  
And blent with shining gold and blue  
And glad the summer noontides are ;  
The slow sun lingering seeks the west,  
As loath to leave and grieve so soon  
The long and fragrant afternoon ;  
But still the evening is the best.

Day may be full as day may be, —  
Her hands all heaped with gifts, her eyes  
Alight with joyful prophecies ;  
But still we turn where wistfully  
The veiled evening, dimly fair,  
Stands in the shadow without speech,  
And holds her one gift out to each, —  
Her gift of rest, for all to share.

I GO out into the woods in the fair October days ; over a million flickering leaves the innocent fires of autumn pour their flaming glories. Every imperial tint appears, — of scarlet and crimson, orange and yellow. The oak leaves run up through their long gamut of browns. Little mosses cluster round the roots of the trees ; a soft bed of tender green and gray lichens variegates their trunks. Who has bathed the world with this ineffable, indescribable beauty ? Shall we think they come by accident, or by some cold, blind law ?

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

WHEREFORE let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator.  
— 1 PETER iv. 19.

I TAKE my heart in my hand, —  
I shall not die, but live ;  
Before Thy face I stand, —  
I, for Thou callest such ;  
All that I have I bring,  
All that I am I give ;  
Smile Thou, and I shall sing,  
But shall not question much.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THE smallest seed of faith is better than the largest fruit of happiness.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

## October 7.

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BUT there the glorious Lord will be unto us  
a place of broad rivers and streams. — ISA.  
xxxiii. 21.

REGION of life and light,  
Land of the good whose earthly toils are o'er!  
Nor frost nor heat may blight  
Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,  
Yielding thy blessed fruits forevermore!

There, without crook or sling,  
Walks the Good Shepherd; blossoms white and red  
Round his meek temples cling;  
And, to sweet pastures led,  
His own loved flock beneath his eye is fed.

*From the Spanish of PONCE DE LEON.*

BUT glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players upon stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city.

JOHN BUNYAN.

## October 8.

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WHO comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. — 2 COR. i. 4.

ART thou all friendless and alone,  
Hast none in whom thou canst confide?  
God careth for thee, lonely one!  
Comfort and help will He provide.  
He sees thy sorrows and thy hidden grief,  
He knoweth when to send thee quick relief.  
Be thou content!

*From the German of* PAUL GERHARDT.

AND I have always found, in talking to my people in private, that all second-hand talk out of books about the benefits of affliction was rain against a window-pane, blinding the view but never entering. But if I can make a poor wretch believe that God is the foe of all misery and affliction, that he yearns to raise us out of it, and to show us that in His presence is the fulness of all life and joy, and nothing but our own wilfulness and imperfection keeps us in it for an instant, — that the moment he will allow God to remove those sorrows, the Lord will rejoice in doing so, — it is enough.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

WHOSOEVER shall fall upon that stone shall be broken. — LUKE xx. 18.

A MILL-STONE and the human heart are turning round  
and round;  
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves  
be ground.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SOME sincere and natural intercourse with the poor and suffering, some vivifying contact with struggles and sorrows not our own, is indispensable to the discipline of character as well as to the fulfilment of duty.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

THE city which is *not* set on a hill, the candle that giveth light to *none* that are in the house, — these are the heaviest mysteries of this strange world, and, it seems to me, those which mark its curse the most.

JOHN RUSKIN.

BUT this I say, brethren, the time is short.—  
I COR. vii. 29.

THE lost days of my life until to-day,  
What were they? Could I see them on the street  
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat  
Sown once for food, but trodden into clay?—

I do not see them here; but after death  
God knows I know the faces I shall see,  
Each one a murdered self, with last low breath;—

“I am thyself, — what hast thou done to me?  
And I — and I — thyself,” lo! each one saith;  
And thou thyself — to all eternity.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

OF that priceless gift of time, how much will  
one day be seen to have been lost; how ruinous  
shall we deem our investment of this our most  
precious stock! Life is like the summer's day;  
and in the first fresh morning we do not realize  
the noonday heat, and at noon we do not think  
of the shadows lengthening across the plain and  
of the setting sun and of the advancing night,  
yet to each and all the sunset comes at last.

CANON LIDDON.

THE eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath  
are the everlasting arms. — DEUT. xxxiii. 27.

I AM a stream of Time, running to God my sea ;  
But once I shall myself the eternal ocean be.

FRIEDRICH VON LOGAN.

WHEN have you felt the fine thrill of intense being? When have you realized your personality most vividly? Has it not been when in intense love you merged your being in that of another, when another is the life of your life, when self is drowned in the sea of feeling? Was it not then that life even in its meanest details became not only worthy but exquisite, — that Nature spoke to you as to an intimate friend, that the soul of the universe seemed to pulsate in harmony with yours, that the dread and weight of eternity were lifted off, because you were yourself dwelling in eternity? Let that be multiplied, let the same intensity belong to the universal love which belonged to the particular love, and — that is the Christian life.

STOPFORD BROOKE.



FOR the body is not one member, but many. —  
1 COR. xii. 14.

THE threads our hands in blindness spin  
No self-determined plan weaves in ;  
The shuttle of the unseen powers  
Works out a pattern not of ours.

Through wish, resolve, and act our will  
Is moved by undreamed forces still ;  
And no man measures in advance  
His strength with untried circumstance.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ONE thing we see : the moral nature of man  
is deeper than his intellectual ; things planted  
down into the former may grow as if forever ;  
the latter, as a kind of driftwood, produces only  
annuals.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOU wilt show me the path of life : in Thy presence is fulness of joy ; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. — Ps. xvi. 2.

SOMEWHERE in the counsels known on high,  
Certain as the southing of a star,  
Stands the hour writ down when I shall die.  
Oh to go where all my good things are  
Calmly as the southing of a star !

Somewhere, safely hidden, lost in light,  
Our good country lies, — Immanuel's land;  
Earned for us and sure to bless our sight,  
Anchored fast to God, a radiant strand,  
Oh my heart's desire, — Immanuel's land.

*One Hundred Holy Songs.*

IF you would have a faith, put under it a solid earth, and overarch it with an infinite heaven ; stand firm on one, and look steadfastly into the other.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.

BUT my mercy shall not depart away from him.  
— 2 SAM. vii. 15.

THE One remains, the many change and pass ;  
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;  
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

BUT wait, little fly, till you can understand for what the house was made ; wait, little bird, till you can see your berry ripen in the advancing summer ; wait, critic, till you behold the other side of the tapestry ; and wait, atheist, till you can comprehend the plans of an infinite God. Thus much we can see, — that evil is continually used as a dark material, out of which good is manufactured ; that the mysteries of life prove the greatness of the soul, by showing that it can reach out to laws and facts which it cannot yet comprehend. For if God has put into our very reason difficulties which are insoluble here, is not this a promise that they shall be solved hereafter ?

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

**October 15.**

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BLESSED is the man that endureth temptation :  
for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown  
of life, which the Lord hath promised to them  
that love Him. — JAMES i. 12.

BE it good or ill, be it what you will,  
It needs must help me on my road ;  
My rugged way to heaven, please God.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

IT is better to be always alone than to be never  
alone.

MONTAIGNE.

BEWARE of speaking ! Speech is human, silence  
is divine ; secrecy is the element in all goodness ;  
every virtue bearing beauty is mysterious.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHOOSE you this day whom ye will serve. —  
JOSH. xxiv. 15.

YIELD to the Lord with simple heart  
All that thou hast and all thou art ;  
Renounce all strength but strength divine,  
And peace shall be forever thine ;  
Behold the paths the saints have trod,  
The paths which led them home to God.

MADAME GUYON.

GOD offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please, — you cannot have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HIGH on the desert mountain, full descried,  
still sits throned the tempter with his old promise,  
— the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them. He still calls you to your labor, as Christ to your rest ; labor and sorrow, base desires and evil hope.

JOHN RUSKIN.

October 17.

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Who against hope believed in hope. — ROM.  
v. 18.

AH, tired, discouraged heart and head,  
Look up, and be thou comforted !  
Thy puny effort may seem vain,  
Wasted thy toil and naught thy pain,  
Thy brief sun quench itself in shade,  
Thy worthiest strength be weakness made,  
Caught up in one great whelming grave,  
Wave after wave, wave after wave.

Yet still, though baffled and denied,  
Thy spendid strength has swelled the tide.  
A feather's weight where oceans roll,  
One atom in a mighty whole ;  
God's hand uncounted agencies  
Marshals and notes and counts as his, —  
His sands to bind, his threads to save,  
His tides to build, wave after wave.

THE strong emotions from which the life of a human being receives a new bias win their victory as the sea wins his ; though their advance may be sure, they will often, after a mightier wave than usual, seem to roll back so far as to lose all the ground they had made.

GEORGE ELIOT.

**October 18.**

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FOR we are His workmanship, created in Christ  
Jesus unto good works. — EPH. ii. 10.

WE are the mariners, and God the sea ;  
And though we make false reckonings, and run  
Wide of a righteous course, and are undone,  
Out of His deeps of love we cannot be.

For by those heavy strokes we misname ill,  
Through the fierce fire of sin, through tempering doubt,  
Our natures more and more are beaten out  
To perfecter reflections of His will.

ALICE CARY.

WHEN we let ourselves forget to educate our  
faith and our spiritual intellects, and lose sight of  
our relation and dependence upon the highest  
informing strength, we are trying to move our  
machinery by some inferior motive power. We  
worship our tools and beg success of them, in-  
stead of remembering that we are all apprentices  
to the great Master of our own and everybody's  
craft.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

October 19.

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My grace is sufficient for thee. — 2 COR. xii. 9.

LORD, with what courage and delight  
I doe each thing,  
When Thy least breath sustaines my wing!  
I shine and move  
Like those above,  
And with much gladnesse,  
Quitting sadnesse,  
Make me faire days of every night.

Affliction thus meere pleasure is;  
And hap what will,  
If Thou be in 't, 't is welcome still.  
But since Thy rayes  
In sunny dayes  
Thou dost thus lend  
And freely spend,  
Ah, what shall I return for this?

HENRY VAUGHAN.

LET us leave our closets, forsake our dim  
seclusion and our lamps, and open our eyes  
upon the wide world of animated beings.

ISAAC TAYLOR.



THE memorial of wisdom is immortal, because it is known with God and with men. When it is present men take example by it, and when it is gone they desire it. It weareth a crown and triumpheth forever, having gotten the victory, striving for wonderful rewards. — THE BOOK OF WISDOM, iv. 1.

STRONG-SOULED martyrs died in flame,  
To make it possible that thou  
Shouldst here with brother sinners bow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TO bear pain for the sake of bearing it has in it no moral quality at all; but to bear it rather than surrender truth, or in order to save another, is positive enjoyment, as well as ennobling to the soul.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

BRING forth therefore fruits meet for repentance. — MATT. iii. 8.

YET if, as thou doest melt, and with thy traine  
Of drops make soft the earth, my eyes could weep  
O'er my hard heart, that 's bound up and asleep ;  
Perhaps at last  
Some such showre past,  
My God would give a sunshine after raine.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

DO not live, day by day, trying to repent, but fearing the struggle and the suffering. Deferred repentance in generous natures is a greater pain than would be the sorrow of real repentance. Manly regret for wrong never weakens, but always strengthens the heart. As some plants of the bitterest root have the whitest and sweetest blossoms, so the bitterest wrong has the sweetest repentance, which, indeed, is only the soul blossoming back to its better nature.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

IN all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. — ROM. viii. 37.

BE content, poor heart !

God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold ;  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

TURN it as thou wilt, thou must give thyself up to suffer what is appointed thee. But if we did that, God would bear us up at all times in all our sorrows and troubles, and God would put His shoulder under our burdens and help us to bear them. For if with a cheerful courage we submitted ourselves to God, no suffering would be unbearable.

JOHN TAULER.

THE right faith of man is not intended to give him repose, but to enable him to do his work. It is not intended that he should look away from the place he lives in now, and cheer himself with thoughts of the place he is to live in next, but that he should look stoutly into this world, in faith that if he does his work well here, some good to others or himself will come of it hereafter.

JOHN RUSKIN.

## October 23.

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HE hath showed thee, O man, what is good ;  
and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to  
do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly  
with thy God ? — MICAH vi. 8.

NOBLE thought produces  
Noble end and uses ;  
Noble hopes are part of Hope, wherever she may be ;  
Noble thought enhances  
Life and all its chances,  
And noble self is noble song : all this I learn from thee.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

WE forfeit the chief source of dignity and  
sweetness in life, next to the direct communion  
with God, if we do not seek converse with the  
greater minds that have left their vestiges on the  
world. Rather let us keep a constant eye upon  
the light of their spirits, and never quit our hold  
of the shadowy hands, of which the nearest is  
almost at our door, and the farthest feels the  
touch of Christ and disappears in the effulgence  
of God. This blessed dependence, this holding  
on from link to link, of soul to soul, of age to  
age, is the true " Communion of Saints."

JAMES MARTINEAU.

## October 24.

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BUT where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. — ROM. v. 20.

WEARING the white flower of a blameless life  
Before a thousand peering littlenesses.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HE that holds himself in reverence and due esteem, both for the dignity of God's image upon him and for the price of his redemption, which he thinks is visibly marked upon his forehead, accounts himself a fit person to do the noblest and godliest deeds, and much better worth than to deject and defile, with such a debasement and pollution as sin is, himself, so highly ransomed and ennobled to a new friendship and filial relation with God.

JOHN MILTON.

GOLDEN vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints. — REV. v. 8.

FOR what were men better than sheep or goats,  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift no hands of prayer,  
Both for themselves, and those they call their friends?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WONDERFUL things are wrought by prayer.  
It is the hand stretched out into the region of  
miracle, which brings the power of God and the  
help of God about us. He is always longing to  
help, but prayer is the means by which the help  
comes.

ANNIE KEARY.

THEREFORE with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation. — ISA. xii. 3.

THEY said that Love would die when Hope was gone,  
And Love mourned long, and sorrowed after Hope ;  
At last she sought out Memory, and they trod  
The same old paths that Love had walked with Hope,  
And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

EVERY stroke of sorrow that issues into light and joy is God putting into your hand the key of that sorrow to unlock it for all the poor souls whom you may see approaching it through all your future life. It is a noble thing to take that key and use it.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE poor we must have with us always, and sorrow is inseparable from any hour of life ; but we may make their poverty such as shall inherit the earth ; and the sorrow such as shall be hallowed by the hand of the Comforter, with everlasting comfort.

JOHN RUSKIN.

October 27.

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THIS then is the message which we have heard of Him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. — 1 JOHN i. 5.

ALL may of Thee partake ;  
Nothing can be so mean  
Which with this tincture "for Thy sake,"  
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine ;  
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws  
Makes that and the action fine.

GEORGE HERBERT.

IT is by looking up beyond the actual, not by looking down into it, by seeking God within, not consulting men without, that you will truly measure the divine claims upon you, and find your duty calm and sacred. Commune with Him, the All-Holy, and it will become a secret understanding between His spirit and your own, a trust from Him, answered by assent and love from you ; an escape from the poor twilight of divine mediocrity into the precincts of a lustre which can never fade.

JAMES MARTINEAU.



AND that your joy might be full. — JOHN xv. 11.

O PURE of heart, thou needst not ask of me  
What this strong music of the soul may be, —  
What and wherein it doth exist,  
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,  
This beautiful and beauty-making power, —  
Life and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

WHEN we speak of joy, we do not speak of something we are after, but of something that will come to us when we are after God and duty. It is a prize unbought, and is freest, purest in its flow, when it comes unsought. You must carry it with you or it is not there. It is the rest of confidence, the blessedness of internal light and outflowing benevolence. Being the birth of character, it has eternity in it.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

WHETHER we be afflicted, it is for your consolation. — 2 COR. i. 6.

SINCE in a land not barren still  
Because Thou dost Thy grace instil,  
My lot is faire, blest be thy will.

Blest be Thy dew and blest Thy frost,  
And happy I to be so crost,  
And cured by crosses at Thy cost.

For as Thy hand the weather steers,  
So thrive I best 'twixt joyes and teares,  
And all the year have some green ears.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

ALMIGHTY God doth not suffer us to be miserable for a long time together, even when He afflicts us ; but He breaks our trial into portions, — takes us out of this world ever and anon, and gives us a holiday time, like children at school in an unknown and mysterious country.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

THE Lord is my shepherd; therefore can I  
lack nothing. — PSALTER.

O PEACE and rest !  
Upon the breast  
Of God Himself I seem to lean,  
No break nor bar  
Of sun or star,  
Just God and I, with naught between.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

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YOU have but to name God before sorrow, and  
it changes color; name Him before burdens, and  
they grow less; name Him before the vanity of  
life, and it disappears. With the incoming of  
God there is a sense of reversal; everything that  
is sad and poor and dark and wrong is turned  
about, and gathers meaning and purpose.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.

WAS dead, and is alive again. — LUKE XV. 24.

How pure of heart and sound of head,  
With what divine affections bold,  
Must be the man who fain would hold  
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou or any call  
The spirits from their golden day,  
Unless with them thou too canst say,  
My spirit is at peace with all.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WHY should it be a matter of wonder that the dead should come back? The wonder is that they do not. All my life it has been a wonder to me how they could be kept away.

*A Beleaguered City.*

## **November 1.**

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**HE** that overcometh, the same shall be clothed  
in white raiment. — **REV. iii. 5.**

As long as the festivity  
Of Paradise shall be, so long our love  
Shall radiate round about us such a vesture ;  
Nor can so great a splendor weary us,  
For strong will be the organs of the body  
To everything that has the power to please us.

**DANTE.**

**LOVE** must be better than hate in all worlds.

**OH** yes, believe it, believe it ! there is an  
eternal life within us. It will burn on ; it is akin  
to those stars. We have Heaven's own word  
for what we believe of Heaven.

**WILLIAM SMITH.**

## November 2.

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WHETHER therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. —  
I COR. X. 31.

To fetch and carry, and to sweep and scour,  
To hew wood and draw water, — but in heaven !  
For now I grew to look on heaven itself  
As of a kingdom round about ourselves ;  
And felt the very sadness and restraint  
Part of the higher and more heavenly life.

*The Disciples.*

SO out of evil God brings good, or rather out of necessity He brings strength. And believe me, the highest spiritual training is contained in the most paltry physical accidents, and the meanest actual want may be the means of calling into actual life the possible but sleeping embryos of the very noblest faculties. This is a great mystery ; but we are animals in time and space, and by time and space and our animal natures are we educated. Therefore let us be very patient, and let God our Father teach His own lesson His own way. Let us try to learn it well and learn it quickly, but do not let us fancy that He will ring the school-bell and send us to play before our lesson is learnt.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## November 3.

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I AM the Lord thy God . . . which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go. — ISA. xlviii. 17.

LOOSE not thy hold, O hand of God !  
Or utterly we faint and fall.  
The way is rough, the way is blind,  
And buffeted with stormy wind ;  
Thick darkness veils above, below,  
From whence we come, to what we go ;  
    Feebly we grope o'er rock and sand,  
But still go on, confiding all,  
    Lord, to Thy hand.

In that strong hold salvation is ;  
Its touch is comfort in distress,  
Cure for all sickness, balm for ill,  
And energy for heart and will.  
Securely held, unfaltering,  
The soul can walk at ease, and sing,  
    And fearless tread each unknown strand,  
Leaving each large thing, and each less,  
    Lord, in Thy hand.

IF there is a great thought that has come to men's minds, it is that God is not outside of His world, but that He is inside. He is perpetually leading it on from instant to instant.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

## November 4.

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WHOSO trusteth in the Lord, happy is he. —  
PROV. xvi. 20.

How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will ;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are ;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied unto the world by care  
Of public fame or private breath.

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall ;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

NEVER be dispirited ; never say, " It is too late." Never lose heart under opposition. The fitting course for a man is to do what is good for the moment, without vainly forecasting the future, — to do the present duty and leave the results to God.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.



## November 5.

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BEHOLDING the brightness of His glory. —  
HEB. i. 3.

To start thee on thy outrunning race,  
Christ shows the splendor of His face ;  
What shall that face of splendor be  
When at the goal He welcomes thee ?

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

ALL that we mean by the heavenly joy and perfection is nothing but the restoration and the everlasting bloom of that high capacity for God, in which our normal state began, and of which that first state was only the germ or prophecy. Man finds his paradise when he is imparadised in God.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

GOD has no Canaan for His own, no milk and honey for the luxury of the senses ; for the city which hath foundations is built in the soul of man.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

## November 6.

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AT evening time it shall be light. — ZECH. xiv. 7.

BUT suddenly before the sun  
Drops down behind the hills,  
A clear calm shining parts the cloud,  
And all the ether fills.

Or as the sweet and shining shore  
To them that sail the sea ;  
Or home to them that ply the oar  
Or leave captivity.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

IN this world it frequently happens that when man has reached the place of anguish God folds away the mist from before his eyes, and the very spot he selected as the receptacle of his tears becomes the place of his highest rapture.

J. T. HEADLEY.

## November 7.

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THOU wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee. — ISA. xxvi. 3.

AND yet, as angels in some brighter dream  
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted theame,  
And into glory peep.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

SUCH are the thoughts which fill the heart with joy, yet without tending thereby to relax our obedience, for a reason already mentioned, — namely, that strictness of life, exact conscientiousness is the tenure of these privileges. They are ours to possess, that is our glory ; they are ours to lose, that is our solicitude. We can keep them, we have not to gain them, — but we shall not keep them without fear and trembling ; still we have them, and there is nothing to forbid our rejoicing in them while we have them. For fear is of the future ; and that we *may* lose them to-morrow (which God forbid), is no reason why we should not rejoice in them to-day.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

## November 8.

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WHO for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame. — HEB. xii. 2.

ONE smile of His shall be enough to heal  
The wounds of man's neglect ; and He will sigh,  
Pitying the trouble which that sigh shall cure,  
And He will speak, — speak in the desolate night,  
In the dark night : “ For me a thorny crown  
Men wove, and nails were driven in my hands  
And feet : there was an earthquake, and I died ;  
I died, and am alive forevermore.  
I died for thee, for thee I am alive,  
And my humanity doth mourn for thee ”

JEAN INGELow.

THE true cross of the Redeemer was the sin and sorrow of the world, — *that* was what lay heavy on His heart ; and that is the cross we shall share with Him, that is the cup we must drink of with Him, if we would have any part of that divine love which is one with His sorrow.

GEORGE ELIOT.

## November 9.

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AND they thirsted not when He led them  
through the deserts. — ISA. xlviii. 21.

AH, lonely brook ! creep upward through the pines ;  
Press through the gloom to where the daylight shines !  
Sing on among the stones, and secretly  
Feel how the floods are all akin to thee.

Drink the sweet rain the gentle heaven sendeth,  
Hold thine own path, howeverward it tendeth ;  
For somewhere, underneath the eternal sky,  
Thou too shalt find the Rivers by and by.

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

IT came, as the great consecrations of life are apt  
to come, suddenly, without warning. While we are  
patiently and faithfully keeping sheep in the wilder-  
ness, the messenger is journeying toward us with  
the vial of sacred oil to make us kings.

SAXE HOLM.

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in His throne.  
— REV. iii. 21.

TEARS for sin, which sweeter far  
Than the world's mad laughter are ;  
Desires that in their dying give  
Pain, but die that we may live.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THE Christian's aim is perfection, not happiness ; and every one of the sons of God must have something of that spirit which marked his Master, — that holy sadness, that peculiar unrest, that high and holy melancholy which belongs to a spirit which strives after heights to which it can never attain.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

## November 11.

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THE Lord is the strength of my life ; of whom shall I be afraid? — Ps. xxvii. 1.

I THINK I would not be  
A stately tree  
Broad-boughed, with haughty crest that seeks the sky.  
Too many sorrows lie  
In years ; too much of bitter for the sweet, —  
Frost-bite and blast and heat.

Rather this wayside flower, —  
To live its happy hour  
Of balmy air, of sunshine, and of dew ;  
A sinless face held upward to the blue ;  
A bird-song sung to it ;  
A butterfly to flit  
On dazzling wings above it, hither, thither, —  
A sweet surprise of life, and then exhale  
A little fragrant soul on the soft gale.

INA D. COOLBRAITH.

GOD asks no man whether he will accept life ;  
that is not the choice. You *must* take it ; the  
only choice is *how*.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

KNOW ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey? — ROM. vi. 16.

O BIRDS in the wild, wild sky!  
Would I could so follow God's way  
Through darkness, unquestioning why,  
With only one thought, — to obey!

CELIA THAXTER.

IN that moment I again caught a glimpse of one whom I had always known, but had often forgotten, — one who claimed me as his Father's child and would never let me go. It was a real face that I saw, a real voice that I heard, a real Person who was calling me. I could not mistake the Presence that had so often drawn near me, and shone with sunlike eyes into my soul. The words, "Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us," have always given me the feeling that a beautiful sunrise does. It is indeed a sunrise text, for is not He the Light of the World?

LUCY LARCOM.



BUT ye, brethren, be not weary in well-doing.  
— 2 THESS. iii. 13.

O HEART, remember, vintages are lost  
If grapes do not for freezing night-dews wait.  
Think, while thou sunnest thyself in Joy's estate,  
Mayhap thou canst not ripen without frost !

H. H.

THE great creative spirit is ever ready to touch the merest grain of manna in the heart, and make it luminous to shine on all the ground. He to whom space is the seed-plot of stars has in the human soul a tillage more lustrous in the sowing and more enduring in the fruits. When he flings a handful of moral endowments into the furrows of our nature, he never withholds the mellowing winds and dews ; and the germs will not perish unless we deny them root.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

THOUGH He be not far from every one of us.  
— ACTS xvii. 27.

DARK is the world to thee, thyself is the reason why,  
For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel " I  
am I " ?  
Speak to him thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit  
can meet ;  
Closer is He than breathings, and nearer than hands  
and feet.

A TREMULOUS crystal, waved as water,  
poured out upon the ground, is your own soul ;  
you may defile it, despise it, pollute it, at your  
pleasure and at your peril ; for on the peace of  
those weak waves must all the heaven you shall  
ever gain be first seen ; and through such purity  
as you can win for those dark waves must all the  
light of the risen Sun of Righteousness be bent  
down, by faint refraction ; cleanse them and  
calm them, then, as you love your life.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THAT ye be like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind. — PHIL. ii. 2.

GOD granted him this boon for love of him  
To dwell at peace among unenvious souls,  
Who were content to love him, and to let  
His light shine forth, nor vex him with themselves,  
And their low humors, and beside him each  
Himself seemed lifted to a sweeter calm.

*The Disciples.*

THOSE noble men who do truly arise and receive divine light, allow God to prepare their souls for Himself, and renounce themselves in all things without any reserve, either as regards their words or their daily habits, or what they do refrain from, or anything else, whether things go smoothly or crossly with them. They are content to say in all things "As God will" in quiet or disquiet; for their sole delight is the holy and excellent will of God.

JOHN TAULER.

WHERE sin abounded, grace should yet more  
abound. — ROM. v. 20.

FOREVER round the mercy-seat  
The guiding lights of Love shall burn ;  
But what if, habit-bound, thy feet  
Shall lack the will to turn ?

Oh, doom beyond the saddest guess,  
As the long years of God unroll,  
To make thy dreary selfishness  
The prison of a soul !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

DO not keep company with any sin. It may  
surprise thee as an enemy sometimes, but let it  
not lodge with thee as a friend.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

## November 17.

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SURELY the bitterness of death is past. —  
1 SAM. XV. 32.

WHEN the scanty shores are full  
With Thought's perilous, whirling pool ;  
When frail Nature can no more,  
Then the spirit strikes the hour ;  
My servant Death with solving rite  
Pours finite into infinite.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

I THINK nothing can help us more than the feeling that loved ones have trodden that unknown way, — it makes it seem familiar. What has not the death of an unseen, unheard Christ been to millions and millions? Some of us cannot attain to certainty. God fashions some in one way, some in another ; and God will not take away our immortality because we have little enjoyed the hope of it.

LUCY SMITH.

## November 18.

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WHO serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things. — HEB. viii. 5.

THOUGHTS that great hearts once broke for, we  
Breathe cheaply in the common air ;  
The dust we trample heedlessly  
Throbb'd once in saints and heroes rare,  
Who perished, opening for their race  
New pathways to the commonplace.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FOR the thoughts which have disciplined such a man for his work are the undying thoughts of former sages and philanthropists. The examples that animated him were set by the wise and good in all ages. The drama of the world has been played for him ; martyrs have bled for him.

THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY.

OUR Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death. — 2 TIM. i. 10.

FORGET not Death, O man! for thou mayest be  
Of one thing certain, — he forgets not thee.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

OF immortality the soul, when well employed, is incurious. It is so well that it is sure it will be well. It asks no questions of the Supreme Power. 'Tis a higher thing to confide that if it is best we shall live, we shall live, — 't is higher to have this conviction than to have the lease of indefinite centuries and millenniums and æons.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## November 20.

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THEREFORE will not we fear. — Ps. xlv. 2.

AND I am comforted ; because  
The love that bore these tremblers through  
Can fold its strength about me too,  
And I may find my quailing was  
As theirs, a phantom that will fly  
Dawn-smitten, when I come to die.

Therefore I cleave with simple trust,  
Amid my hopes, amid my fears,  
Through the procession of my years, —  
The years that bear me back to dust, —  
And cry, " Ah, Christ, if Thou be nigh,  
Strong in Thy strength I dare to die."

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE mind sometimes grows young as the body grows old. As the poor house of clay wears to pieces, the soul within spires upward in an increasing flame of light and love. The body decays, but the soul continues to go onward and upward till the body drops from it and leaves it more alive than ever.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.



FOR God hath not given us the spirit of fear ;  
but of power and of love. — 2 TIM. i. 7.

FOR life, with all its fields of joy and woe  
And hope and fear, — believe the aged friend, —  
Is just one chance o' the prize of learning love,  
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is ;  
And that we hold thenceforward to the uttermost  
Such prize, despite the envy of the world,  
And having gained truth, keep truth, that is all.

ROBERT BROWNING.

LOVE, in this world, is like a seed taken from  
the tropics and planted where the winter comes  
too soon ; and it cannot spread itself in flower-  
clusters and wide-twining vines, so that the whole  
air is full of the perfume thereof. But there is  
to be another summer for it yet. Care for the  
root now, and God will care for the top by  
and by.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

GOD having provided some better thing for us. — HEB. xi. 40.

ON the brink  
Of each new age of great eternity, I think  
After the ages are all countless grown  
Our souls will poise and launch with eager wing,  
Forgetting blessedness already known  
In sweet impatience for God's next good thing.

H. H.

WE may always learn and know more, if we choose, by working on ; but the pleasure is, I think, to humble people, in knowing that the journey is endless, the treasure inexhaustible, in watching the cloud still march before them with its summitless pillar, and being sure that, to the end of time and to the length of eternity the mysteries of its infinity will still open farther and farther, their dimness being the sign and necessary adjunct of their inexhaustibleness.

JOHN RUSKIN.

## November 23.

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FOR by grace are ye saved through faith ; and that not of yourselves : it is the gift of God. —  
EPH. ii. 8.

To one the deepest doctrines look  
So naturally true  
That when he learned the lesson first  
He hardly thinks it new.

To other hearts the self-same truths  
No light or heat can bring ;  
They are but puzzling phrases strung  
Like beads upon a string.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

WORDS must be sown like seed ; which although it is small, when it hath found a suitable ground unfolds its strength, and from very small size is expanded into the largest increase. The things spoken are few ; but if the mind have received them well, they gain strength and grow.

SENECA.

## November 24.

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CHANGED into the same image from glory to glory. — 2 COR. iii. 18.

### I BEHELD

From eye to eye thro' all their order flash  
A momentary likeness of the King.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

FOR the whole nature follows love. Whithersoever it goes, all the faculties troop after it. It is the magnet of human nature. Where the heart is, there are all the treasures of mind and will and moral nature. Let this love be planted in Christ, — won and fixed by our ever deepening sense of truth and goodness and all moral beauty, — and we begin to go over to Him upon it as upon a bridge. Using this love as it were some broad stream, the truth, the strength, the humility, the sympathy, the very righteousness of Christ float down into us and become our own.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.

## November 25.

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LIKE as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. — Ps. ciii. 13.

O LOVE in sorrow ! Sorrow, Love, no more !  
Though dark the night, the morning cometh fast ;  
Though black the ocean, bright the circling shore.  
Not long we labor at the wearying oar,  
For lo, strong Love upholds the fallen mast ;  
The storm but hurries us where we would be  
Beyond the driving winds and raging sea.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

WHERE should the frightened child hide his head but in the bosom of his loving father ; where a Christian but under the wings of Christ his Saviour ? But because we are in danger like chased birds, like doves that seek and cannot see the resting-holes that are right before them, therefore our Saviour giveth His disciples these encouragements beforehand, that always they might remember that whatsoever evils at any time did beset them, to Him they could still repair for comfort, counsel, and succor.

RICHARD HOOKER.

## November 26.

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WISE, according to the wisdom of an angel of God. — 2 SAM. xiv. 20.

CHRIST hath sent us down the angels,  
And the whole earth and the skies  
Are illumed by altar-candles  
Lit for blessed mysteries ;  
And a priest's hand through creation  
Waveth calm and consecration.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

AH ! to those who have no knowledge it is easy to speak of processions of angels ; but to those who have seen where an angel is, — how they flock upon us unawares in the darkness so that one is confused, and scarce can tell whether it is a reality or a dream, — to those who have heard a little voice soft as the dew coming out of heaven, — the angels do not come in processions ; they steal upon us unaware, they reveal themselves to the soul.

*A Beleaguered City.*

LIKEWISE the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities :  
for we know not what we should pray for as we  
ought. — ROM. viii. 26.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,  
If 'Thou the spirit give by which I pray ;  
My unassisted heart is barren clay,  
That of its native self can nothing feed, —  
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,  
No man can find it ; Father, Thou must lead !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

PRAYER is emphatically religion in action. It is the soul of man engaging in the particular form of activity which presupposes the existence of a great bond between itself and God. Prayer is, therefore, nothing else or less than the noblest kind of human exertion. It is the one department of action in which man realizes the highest privilege and capacity of his being.

CANON LIDDON.

AND now men see not the bright light which is  
in the clouds. — JOB xxxvii. 21.

HE that hath light within his own clear breast  
May sit i' the centre and enjoy bright day;  
But he that hath a dark soul and foul thoughts  
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun,  
Himself is his own dungeon.

JOHN MILTON.

EVERY duty we omit obscures some truth we  
should have known.

JOHN RUSKIN.

NATURE has no moods; they belong to man  
alone. There lies a heavy weight in this.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH.



BEHOLD, we count them happy which endure.  
—JAMES V. 11.

SHALL we wear our palms,  
And pay no price for them?

*The Disciples.*

IT is only a poor sort of happiness, my Lillo, that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves. And this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before anything else, because our souls see that it is good. There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world that no man can be great, — unless he gives up thinking much about pleasures and rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful.

GEORGE ELIOT.

## November 30.

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FELLOW-CITIZENS with the saints, and of the household of God. — EPH. ii. 19.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,  
And I alone sit lingering here !  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth cheer.

I see them walking in an air of glory  
Whose light doth trample on my days, —  
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmerings and decays.

Dear, beauteous death ! the jewel of the just,  
Shining nowhere but in the dark,  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust  
Could man outlook that mark ?

HENRY VAUGHAN.

AND yet, in spite of this universal world which we see, there is another world quite as far-spreading, quite as close to us, and more wonderful ; another world all around us, though we see it not ; and more wonderful than the world we see, for this reason, if for no other, that we do not see it. All around us are numberless objects, coming and going, watching, working, or waiting, which we see not.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

## December 1.

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WHICH doeth great things past finding out ;  
yea, and wonders without number. — JOB ix. 10.

GOD, whom I praise, how could I praise  
If such as I might understand,  
Make out and reckon all His ways,  
And bargain for His love, and stand,  
Paying a price, at His right hand ?

ROBERT BROWNING.

WHAT matter if *thou* art confounded? *God is not.* Only believe firmly that God is at least as good as thou with thy “finite reason” canst conceive ; and He will make thee at last able to conceive how good He is, and thou shalt have the one perfect blessing of seeing God.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

AND I saw that there was an Ocean of Darkness and Death ; but an infinite Ocean of Light and Love flowed over the Ocean of Darkness, and in that I saw the infinite Love of God.

GEORGE FOX.

## December 2.

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NOT that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves ; but our sufficiency is of God. — 2 COR. iii. 5.

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make man better be ;  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear :  
    A lily of the day  
    Is fairer far in May ;  
    Although it fall and die that night, —  
    It was the plant and flower of light.  
In small proportions we just beauties see ;  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

PROVIDENCE has nothing good or high in store for one who does not resolutely aim at something high and good. A purpose is the eternal condition of success. Nothing will take its place.

THEODORE T. MUNGER.

## December 3.

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IF any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. —  
MATT. xvi. 24.

IF on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still of countless price  
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask, —  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.

JOHN KEBLE.

THE gospel assures us that love is stronger than hatred, peace than war, holiness than evil, truth than error. It is the marriage of the goodness of motive and the goodness of attainment ; — heaven hereafter and heaven here.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

SUCH houses may men build for themselves, and such lives may they live in them, that at last calm shall be breathed upon the sea of lawless passion, and the winter of the world shall be changed into such halcyon days that the birds of the air may have their nests in peace, and the Son of Man where to lay His head.

JOHN RUSKIN.

## December 4.

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MOREOVER also I gave them my sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them. — EZEK. xx. 12.

BRIGHT shadows of true rest, some shoots of blisse ;  
Heaven once a week ;

The next world's gladnesse prepossest in this ;

A day to seek :

Eternity in time ; the steps by which

We climb above all ages ; lamps that light

Man through his heap of dark days, and the rich

And full redemption of the whole week's flight !

The pulleys unto headlong man ; time's bower,

The narrow way ;

Transplanted paradise ; God's walking home ;

The cool o' the day !

The creature's jubilee ; God's parle with dust ;

Heaven here ; man on those hills of myrrh and flowres ;

Angels descending ; the returns of trust ;

A gleam of glory after six-days-showres.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

LET us interrupt the flow of the week, and rear up another Sabbath in the middle of it. And as those who swim mighty streams do stop, panting, to rest upon some midway rock ere they plunge again into the tide ; so let us rest here, lifted above the tumult of earthly care, and gain strength.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

## December 5.

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IF we love one another, God dwelleth in us,  
and His love is perfected in us. — 1 JOHN iv. 12.

GLORY touched glory on each blessed head,  
Hands locked dear hands never to sunder more ;  
These were the new-begotten from the dead  
Whom the great birthday bore.

Heart answered heart, soul answered soul at rest  
Double against each other, filled, sufficed :  
All loving, loved of all ; but loving best  
And best beloved of Christ.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THOSE who acknowledge God and His divine providence are like the angels of heaven, who dislike to be led of themselves and love to be led of the Lord ; and a sign of their being led of the Lord, is that they love their neighbor.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

It is the deliberate verdict of the Lord Jesus that it is better not to live than not to love.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

## December 6.

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BELOVED, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be ; but we know, that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him ; for we shall see Him as He is. —  
1 JOHN iii. 2.

LEAVE us not ; when have we heard any voice  
Like Thine ? Our hearts burn in us as we go.  
Stay with us ; break our bread ; so, for our part,  
Ere darkness falls, haply we may rejoice,  
Haply when day has been far spent may know.

• EDWARD DOWDEN.

THE God who is ever uttering Himself in the changeful profusions of Nature ; who takes millions of years to form a soul that shall understand Him and be blessed ; who never needs to be, and never is, in haste ; who welcomes the simplest thought of truth and beauty as the return for seed He has sown upon the old fallows of eternity.

GEORGE MACDONALD.



## December 7.

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WHO forgiveth all thine iniquities. — Ps. ciii. 3.

I KNOW it is my sin which locks Thine ears  
And binds Thy hands,  
Outcrying my requests, drowning my tears,  
Or else the chilliness of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angry with the fire,  
And mend it still,  
So do I lay the want of my desire  
Not on my sins and coldness, but Thy will.

Yet hear, O God, only for His blood's sake  
Which pleads for me ;  
For though sins plead too, yet like stones they make  
His blood's sweet current much more loud to be.

GEORGE HERBERT.

I KNOW my sins are greater than my sorrow,  
and too many for my memory, and too insinuating to be prevented by all my care ; but I know, also, that God knows and pities my infirmities.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

## December 8.

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I THEREFORE SO run, not as uncertainly : so fight I, not as one that beateth the air. — I COR. ix. 26.

STRIKE for the King and die ! and if thou diest,  
The King is King and ever wills the highest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

YET courage, soul ! nor hold thy strength in vain,  
In hope o'ercome the steeps God set for thee ;  
For past the Alpine summits of great pain  
Lieth thine Italy.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

I CANNOT praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, when that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.

JOHN MILTON.

## December 9.

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LOVE not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. — 1 JOHN ii. 15.

WHAT may the world be worth?—say'st thou, pure spirit?

I know not: haply to the dead not much;  
A little more than "not much" to the old;  
Much more to youth; to curious interest none;  
But everything to them that love it.

*A Layman's Breviary.*

HERE then Christ finds us, weary of that world in which we are obliged to live and act, whether as willing or unwilling slaves to it. The world in which our duties lie is as waste as the wilderness, as restless and turbulent as the ocean, as inconstant as the wind and weather. It has no substance in it, but is like a shade or phantom; when you pursue it, when you try to grasp it, it escapes from you, or it is malicious, and does you a mischief. We need something which the world cannot give; this is what we need, and this it is which the gospel has supplied.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

## December 10.

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THE Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer ; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust. — Ps. xviii. 2.

GRIEF comes and passes by,  
And Joy comes hand in hand  
With Grief, each bearing crowns with buds of snow,  
Both laying crowns upon my head.  
Soon as the buds are open it were vain  
To try to separate or understand ;  
No sense of mine can feel or know  
Which flowers the hand of Joy has shed,  
And which the hand of Pain.  
Therefore I do not choose ;  
Fearing, desiring equally from each.

H. H.

IT is not ignoble to feel that the fuller life which a sad experience has brought us is worth our own personal share of pain. The growth of higher feeling within us is like the growth of faculty, bringing with it a sense of added strength ; we can no more wish to return to a narrower sympathy.

GEORGE ELIOT.

WHO shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?  
or who shall stand in His holy place? He that  
hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath  
not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn  
deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from  
the Lord.— Ps. xxiv. 3, 4, 5.

WE are proclaimed even against our wills;  
If we are silent, then our silence speaks.  
I think no man can make his lie hold good;  
One way or other truth is understood.

The selfishness that with our lives has grown,  
Though outward grace its full expression bar,  
Will crop out here and there like belts of stone  
From shallow soil, discovering what we are.  
The thing most specious cannot seem the true;  
Who would appear clean, must be clean all through.

ALICE CARY.

GOD divided man into men, that they might  
help each other.

SENECA.

DAY unto day uttereth speech. — Ps. xix. 2.

WHAT fiery force the earth renews,  
The wealth of forms, the flush of hues?  
What joy in rosy waves outpoured  
Flows from the heart of Love, the Lord?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

LET this and every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and let every setting sun be to you as its close; let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others,—some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves; so, from day to day and strength to strength, you shall build up, by art, by thought, and by just will, an Ecclesia of which it shall not be said, “See what manner of stones are here!” but, “See what manner of men!”

JOHN RUSKIN.

FOR His word was with power. — LUKE iv. 32.

How shall the Word be preached with power ?

Ah, needless to debate and plan !  
Heart answereth unto heart in man ;  
Out of the very life of each  
Must come the power to heal or teach.  
The life all eloquent may grieve,  
The brain may subtly work and weave ;  
But if the heart take not its share,  
The word of power is wanting there.

How shall the Word be preached with power ?

Go, preacher, search thy soul, and mark  
Each want, each weakness, every dark  
And painful dint where life and sin  
Have beaten their hard impress in :  
Apply the balm, and test the cure,  
And heal thyself, and be thou sure  
That which helps thee has power again  
To help the souls of other men.

THERE lies the true pastoral gift, — deep faith in God, deep pity for man, and strength to carry the vision of a divine order into the clash and confusion of the world ; and whenever you meet with any good measure of this gift, thank God that the prophets are not dead : arm it freely with your outward help, and confide in it from your inmost heart.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

EVEN so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! — JAMES iii. 5.

THE word unspoken thou canst any day  
Speak, but thy spoken ne'er again unsay.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

NEITHER can you stop the consequences of a slander: you may publicly prove its falsehood, you may sift every atom, explain and annihilate it, and yet, years after you had thought that all had been disposed of forever, the mention of a name wakes up associations in the mind of some one who heard the calumny but had never attended to the refutation, and he asks the question doubtfully, "But were there not some suspicious circumstances connected with him?" It is like the Greek fire used in ancient warfare which burned unquenched beneath the water.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.



NEVERTHELESS not My will, but Thine, be done. — LUKE xxii. 42.

WE take with solemn thankfulness  
Our burden up, nor ask it less,  
And count it joy that even we  
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,  
Whose will be done.

Strike, Thou the Master, on Thy keys  
The anthem of the destinies !  
The minor of Thy loftier strain,  
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,  
Thy will be done !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HE sets an open path before us ; we must walk in it. More, we must be willing to believe that the path is open, that we have strength to walk in it. God's gift glides into man's choice. It is needful that we should follow with our effort in the track of His foregoing power.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

## December 16.

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BE ye therefore followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us. — EPH. v. 1, 2.

I THANK thee, Source of every bliss,  
For every bliss I know;  
I thank thee thou didst train me so  
To learn my way in this, —  
That wishing good, and doing good,  
Is laboring, Lord, with thee;  
That charity is gratitude;  
And piety, best understood,  
A sweet humanity.

*From the Dutch of H. TOLLENS.*

LOVE, amid the other graces in this world, is like a cathedral tower, which begins on the earth, and at first is surrounded by other parts of the structure. But at length, rising above buttressed wall and arch and parapet and pinnacle, it shoots spire-like many a foot high into the air, so high that the huge cross on its summit glows like a spark in the morning light, and shines like a star in the evening sky, when the rest of the pile is enveloped in darkness. So Love here is surrounded by the other graces, and divides the honors with them; but they will have felt the wrap of night and of darkness, when it will shine, luminous, against the sky of eternity.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

## December 17.

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THE joy of the Lord is your strength. — NEH.  
viii. 10.

THE deepening peace ! a dawn of essences  
Awful and incommunicably dear,  
Grace opening into grace, joy quenching joy !  
Thy waves and billows have gone over me  
Blissful and calm, and still the dreams drop off,  
And true things grow more true, and larger orbs  
The strong salvation that has seized my soul.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

WE are not to wait for the right of being happy till we are good ; we might wait forever. Joy is not delayed till we deserve it. Just as soon as a sinful man trusts that the mercy of God has done away with his transgression, the ring and the robe and the shoes are his, — the banquet, and the light of a Father's countenance.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

## December 18.

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SET me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal  
upon thine arm : for love is strong as death. —  
SONG OF SOLOMON viii. 6.

THE little gift from out our store  
Which might have cheered some weary hour  
When they with life's poor needs were poor,  
But never can be wanted more . . .

O CHRIST, our Life, do Thou the work of Death,  
And do it now.  
Thou, who art Love, thus hallow our Beloved, —  
Not Death, but Thou.

OH the anguish of the thought that we can  
never atone to our dead for the stinted affection  
we gave them, for the light answers we returned  
to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little  
reverence we showed to that sacred human soul  
which lived so close to us, and was the divinest  
thing God had given us to know !

GEORGE ELIOT.

AND they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels ; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. — MAL. iii. 17.

IN the burden and heat of the day  
(Lord Christ, hear on Thy heavenly shore),  
Oft am I troubled and scarce can pray,  
But God is my God forevermore.

In wintry weather, when I'm grown old  
(Lord Christ, hear on Thy heavenly shore),  
Thy comforts cheer me though nights be cold,  
And God is my God forevermore.

*One Hundred Holy Songs.*

IF, then, the very law of life is a law of change ; if every blossom of beauty has its root in fallen leaves ; if love and thought and hope would faint beneath too constant light, and need for their freshening the darkness and the dews ; if it is in losing the transient that we gain the Eternal, — then let us shrink no more from sorrow, and sigh no more for rest, but have a genial welcome for vicissitude, and make quiet friends with loss and death.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

## December 20.

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I WAIT for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope. — Ps. cxxx 5.

WAIT, and Love itself shall bring  
The drooping flower of knowledge changed to fruit  
Of wisdom ; wait ! my faith is large in time,  
And that which moves it to some perfect end.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE best that can happen is a deepened sense of the unseen, a firmer trust. Life's terrible aspects sometimes shake that faith, and all seems chaotic and dark. But when faith revives, and one seems to get glimpses behind the veil, seasons are ours of great peace, and reliance on infinite love, from whence we derive our own. These, whether alone or not, are the best hours. The dearest friends cannot always help us to these. They rise and set by laws we cannot certainly trace.

LUCY SMITH.

## December 21.

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GIVING thanks always for all things. — EPH.  
v. 20.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue ;  
And some with thankful love are filled  
If but one streak of light,  
One ray of God's good mercy, gild  
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,  
In discontent and pride,  
Why life is such a dreary task,  
And all good things denied ;  
And hearts in poorest huts admire  
How love has in their aid  
(Love that not ever seems to tire)  
Such rich provision made.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

IT is not necessary for all men to be great in action. The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience.

HORACE BUSHNELL

## December 22.

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MADE a little lower than the angels. — HEB.  
ii. 9.

THEN welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand nor go.  
Be our joys three parts pain !  
Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;  
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge the  
throe !

ROBERT BROWNING.

WE are astonished by the revelation of divine feeling ; the expense of the sacrifice wears a look of extravagance. If we are only the dull mediocrities we commonly take ourselves to be, it is quite incredible. But if God, seeing through our possibilities into our real eternities, comprehends in the view all we are to be and become as powers of an endless life, is there not some probability that He discovers a good deal more in us than we do in ourselves, enough to justify all the concern He testifies, all the sacrifice He makes in the passion of His Son ?

HORACE BUSHNELL.



FORASMUCH then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind. — 1 PETER iv. 1.

THUS in His sick and sorrowful do we  
Behold and love our Master, Christ, and we  
Also behold and love His face in prayer.  
And such a sweetness is there, near to Him,  
In this communion and this ministry,  
That all the pleasures of the world seem poor.

*The Disciples.*

THY will, O God, is the perfection of justice !  
Let me never prescribe to Thee what Thou  
oughtest to give me. What Thou wilt we  
may be sure is best for us ; we cannot be sure  
of what we will for ourselves. Harken not to  
the corrupt desires of my heart, but to the voice  
of Thy own mercy.

BISHOP WILSON.

## December 24.

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SOME have entertained angels unawares. —  
HEB. xiii. 2.

WE find in our dull road their shining track,  
In every nobler mood  
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,  
Part of our life's unalterable good,  
Of all our saintlier aspiration;  
They come transfigured back,  
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,  
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays  
Of morn on their white shields of expectation.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

HOW beautiful, on their approach to this beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections the earth is metamorphosed; there is no winter and no night; all tragedies, all ennui vanish; all duties cease; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## December 25.

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WHEN they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. — MATT. ii. 10.

WHO can forget, never to be forgot,  
The time that all the world in slumber lies :  
When like the stars the singing angels shot  
To earth, and heaven awaked all his eyes  
To see another sun at midnight rise.

See how small room my infant Lord doth take,  
Whom all the world is not enough to hold,  
Who of his years or of his age hath told ?  
Never such age so young, never a child so old.

GILES FLETCHER.

AWAKE, glad heart, get up and sing !  
It is the birthday of thy King.

I would I had in my best part  
Fit roomes for Thee ! or that my heart  
Were so clean as  
Thy manger was.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

SHINE forth, O Lord, as when on Thy nativity  
Thine angels visited the shepherds. Let Thy  
glory blossom forth as bloom and foliage on the  
trees. Change with Thy mighty power this  
visible world into that diviner world which as  
yet we see not. Destroy what we see, that it  
may pass and be transformed into what we  
believe.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

## December 26.

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FOR our sakes, no doubt, this is written :  
that he that plougheth should plough in hope ;  
and that he that thresheth in hope should be  
partaker of his hope. — 1 COR. ix. 10.

THE year 's at the spring,  
And day 's at the morn ;  
Morning 's at seven ;  
The hill-side 's dew-pearled ;  
The lark 's on the wing ;  
The snail 's on the thorn ;  
God 's in His heaven, —  
All 's right with the world.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE atheist has no hope. He looks at the heavens. He sees a majestic order,—planets revolving round suns, stars round other stars, all moving with perfect regularity along their prodigious pathway. But he sees no mind creating and controlling this vast order. He sees rules, but no Ruler ; law, but no Law-giver. Star-eyed Science brings us from its vast excursions only the tidings of despair.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

## December 27.

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ARE they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation? — HEB. i. 14.

ACROSS the world I speak to thee ;  
Where'er thou art (I know not where),  
Send thou a messenger to me.

Whether in yonder star thou be  
A spirit loosed in purple air,  
Send thou a messenger to me.

Hath heaven not left thee memory  
Of what was well in mortal's share ?  
Across the world I speak to thee ;  
Send thou a messenger to me !

EDITH THOMAS.

THE earth is full of messengers  
Which Love sends to and fro.  
I bless thee, darling, for such joy  
As we may know.

SAXE HOLM.

AND now all the paths are free, wherever there is a mountain pass or a river-ford ; the roads are all blessed, and they are all open and no barriers for those who will.

MRS. OLIPHANT.

WE are but of yesterday, and know nothing. —  
JOB viii. 9.

THE ball no question makes of ayes and noes,  
But right or left as strikes the player goes ;  
But He that tossed thee down into the field, —  
*He* knows about it all, — He knows, *He* knows.

The moving finger writes ; and having writ,  
Moves on : nor all thy piety or wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

MY friends, wait God's good time till He gives  
you the signal, and dismisses you from this  
service ; then dismiss yourselves to go to Him.  
But for the present restrain yourselves, inhabit-  
ing the spot which He has at present assigned  
you.

EPICETUS.

WHEREFORE seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses. — HEB. xii. 1.

HEAVEN doth with us as we with torches do ;  
Not light them for themselves.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk as long as we like, whatever our rank and occupation, — talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it, — kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves, — we make no account of that company, perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long ! Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable-boy, when you may talk with kings and queens ; or flatter yourself that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common herd for *entrée* here or audience there, when all the time this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time ?

JOHN RUSKIN.

## December 30.

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KNOWING that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance : for ye serve the Lord Christ. — COL. iii. 24.

So dost Thou gather them in one, and bring,—  
Thou, King forevermore, forever Priest, —  
Thou, brother of our own from bonds released,  
    A law of liberty,  
    A service making free,  
A Commonweal where each has all in Thee.

DORA GREENWELL.

AND I know not what should more cheer and gladden a Christian than to see his spiritual life losing everything of an exotic character ; to have it set in the open air, welcoming the wind from every quarter, acquiescing in all things because depending wholly on one. A free and sustained spirit becomes habitual to him who, in the breaking of his daily bread, has found that Real Presence which sanctifies and glorifies our life's poor elements.

*The Patience of Hope.*



## December 31.

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BUT Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail. — PSALTER.

DIE and depart, old year, old sorrow !

Welcome, O morning air of health and strength !

O glad new year, bring us new hope to-morrow,

With blossom, leaf, and fruitage bright at length !

CELIA THAXTER.

LET us pray for a new birth, not as one experience, but as the perpetual experience of our lives ; for such nearness to our God that every day He shall give us something more of Himself, be something more to us, so that being ourselves forever new, the whole world may forever have richness and abundance and variety and beauty and interest and joy and education to give us, as long as we live. So may we enter upon a new year with the promise of a new life.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.











